CANADA WEST MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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PUBLISHERS'

DID you ever hear of the man-wolf hidden away in the gloomy pine-woods north of Lake Superior? It was an unnamed creature, an evil Something that killed by night, and got away unseen, a mystery that terrorized a whole country-side, and remained unsolved until a party of trained newspaper men and a courageous newspaper woman ferreted the secret out—that's the story of **PERE LOUP-GAROU,** our new serial which will run through the year. How one man went mad and another was nearly killed, and how out of the horror flowered a romance as sweet and unexpected as a rose in a barnyard is a story that will hold you right from the start—grip you with both hands and refuse to let you go. **E. B. WATERWORTH** is the author, and he will keep you guessing from month to month until you can hardly wait for the next number of the magazine. It grows more and more tense, more and more vivid, right up to the last chapter. And remember, you must have every number of the magazine to get the story—it will not be finished for nearly a year, and you don't want to miss a single link in the chain.

YOU can't afford to miss ONE of the next twelve numbers of **CANADA MONTHLY**—not one! THEY WILL BE THE TWELVE BEST MAGAZINES EVER ISSUED IN THE DOMINION. We're not arguing with you; we're TELLING you, and we know what we're talking about. Prove it? Listen: Do you know who the men are who are doing the real writing to-day?—the fellows whose stuff has red blood in it, who make you laugh till you cry and cry till you laugh, and with it all make you sit up and THINK? They're here with **CANADA MONTHLY**—the best of the Canadian writers; the best of the American writers; the best illustrations and most striking covers and livest issues and truest Canadian spirit—that's what **CANADA MONTHLY** has for you in 1911. You don't have to go to the United States to get the best. Why? Because we're giving it to you every month. Look at the list of men on these two pages; listen to what they're going to have in this magazine this year; and you'll see why you can't afford to miss a single number—not one.

YOU remember the "Canada Fakers"? You know how everybody talked about it—how it stirred up trouble right and left? **ARTHUR E. MACFARLANE** has written something just as vital, just as vividly interesting, just as disputable as the "Canada Faker" articles, on a subject that is old as the Garden of Eden, and new as a baby's first tooth. The papers will be full of it in a few months. It will split placid households and make folks argue and take sides and get excited and have the time of their lives. What is it? You'll know soon enough.

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A WARNING

BY W. D. NESBIT

OLD Santa Claus stopped all the noise
Within his shop. Said he:
"I hear there are some little boys
Who don't believe in me.

"They shan't have any Christmas toys,
They shan't have any tree—
I don't believe in little boys
Who don't believe in me."

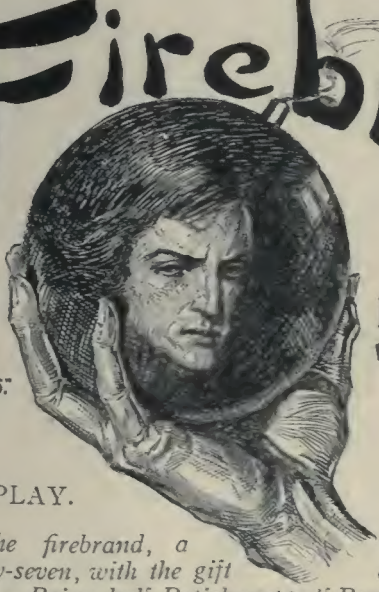
"WE'RE GOIN', WE'RE TELLIN' YOU, JUST AS SOON AS WE CAN GET A FEW BLAME' CLOTHES ON . . . DANG IT, WE AIN'T DONE ANYTHING!"

McGahan's Christmas
See page 101

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME IX. LONDON, DECEMBER, 1910 NUMBER 2

The Firebrand



BY
ARTHUR STRINGER
AUTHOR OF "THE WIRE-TAPPERS," "THE GUN-RUNNER", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

OTTO SCHNAUBELT—*The firebrand, a white-faced young Anarchist of twenty-seven, with the gift of oratory and a touch of the deliriant. Being half Polish and half Bavarian by birth, he speaks with a slight accent, and has the fluency of the bi-linguist as well as the fire of the prophet. His body is slight, his hair is dark and long, and his entire figure, when not in action, is pathetic.*

PHILIP DRYSTER—*A Wall Street capitalist of forty-eight. Large and heavy of figure, he suggests both power and pomposity. His clean-shaven face, though puffy, is a fighter's face. He is quite grey at the temples, but his well-groomed figure discounts the impression of old age.*

LOUISE DRYSTER—*His young wife, of twenty-four or twenty-five. She is a beautiful woman, used to luxury, and a typical product of her environment, yet with a strong streak of innate practicality, and not above using her personal charm for the attainment of personal ends. Blonde.*

OLGA NIKITA—*A Russian "Red" refugee, about the same age as Louise, but dark, passionate and self-reliant. She is in love with Otto. Her intellectuality places her above her "Terrorist" companions, but she, like Otto, has a touch of the deliriant. Thin-faced.*

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ROCHETTE, SCHMIDT, TODARO, WATCHEL } *Anarchists and members of the Inner Circle, all hungry-eyed, unkempt, over-garrulous, and not especially savory-looking aggregation of conglomerate nationalities.*

NIKOFF—*Called "Peg-Leg," having lost a limb in a Continental bomb-outrage. He is the oldest of the band, is an opium-eater, and his ostensible vocation is that of street-musician, playing the concertina.*

DOYLE—*Philip Dryster's confidential agent, a calm-eyed, alert-moving, secretarial man of about thirty, retaining his business-like aspect even in moments of excitement.*

ENGLISH BUTLER *and* FOOTMAN—*In the employ of the Dryster's at their Long Island country home.*

ACT FIRST

The scene is an East Side Anarchists' cellar, a bald and squalid room with font of type and printing-press against back wall. In front of this font stands Otto, setting type, oblivious of his surroundings. Around a plain deal table in the centre of the room sit Watchel, Rochette, Todaro and Schmidt. Beside them stands the girl Olga. The nervous tension of this white-faced group is obvious, both Olga and the men invariably speaking with slow and solemn deliberation. Across one of three tables along the side of the room sprawls what is plainly a drunken man, fast asleep. During all the talk this man, who is Doyle, the Dryster secret agent, never moves nor looks up. Nikoff, a drug-fiend, and the oldest of the Anarchists, sits doped and happy, with his back to the audience and his feet up on one end of the type-font, and takes no part in the action. But from time to time, he plays "The Marseillaise" on a wheezy concertina which he holds between his knees, until shouted at and stopped by the others.

ROCHETTE: Why isn't Nikoff in on this deal?

OLGA: He's under the eye. They took him to police headquarters Tuesday. Otto says he must keep quiet and not be seen for a week or two.

ROCHETTE: I guess we're all under the eye!

OLGA (*Ignoring his complaint*): There are twenty cards here, ace, king, queen, jack and ten. That makes four for each.

WATCHEL: And the same card as last month?

OLGA (*Quietly, showing it*): Yes, the ace of spades.

SCHMIDT: He drows der bomb? Dat ace off spades?

OLGA (*Absently*): Yes. He throws the bomb. (*Turning to look for Otto.*) Otto, you must come. (*He does not answer.*) Otto, it's time for the lots!

ROCHETTE (*Seeing figure asleep across table-top, and pointing in alarm*): Wait! Who's that? What's he doing here?

WATCHEL: Oh, that's only Snelling, the Ferrer delegate.

ROCHETTE: From where?

WATCHEL: Patterson.

TODARO: Whata right has he here?

WATCHEL: He brought over the United Brotherhood funds—the money you're going to live on for the next month.

SCHMIDT: Vell, drow him oud! Dis vas der Inner Circle meeding.

WATCHEL (*Eying cards in Olga's hand*): Oh, can't you see he's helpless?

OLGA: He's been there, drunk, for five hours.

ROCHETTE (*Crossing and shaking the sodden figure, which only falls back inert and helpless*): Bah! He's as drunk as a lord! (*Looking at Nikoff as the concertina sounds*) And there's Peg-Leg doped again!

TODARO: Did he giva da pass-word?

OLGA: Of course, or he wouldn't be here.

SCHMIDT: I dink we ought to drow him oud.

WATCHEL: Well, throw him out and shut up.

SCHMIDT (*Nerves raw*): Drow him oud yourself.

ROCHETTE (*To Nikoff still playing the Marseillaise*): Stop that! Shut up!

OLGA (*Dragging tattered old screen between sleeper and the four conspirators*): That shuts us off. (*Looking to*

back of room) Otto, we are drawing the lots.

(*Otto looks up, crosses to table, dreamily, with type-stick still in his hand, and places chair at table.*)

OTTO (*With dreamy indifference*): My cards go here. Tell me when they're dealt. (*He goes back to his type-font, preoccupied, and reading with occasional earnest gestures from his manuscript, goes on setting type. Olga deals out the cards, slowly, one at a time, face down on the table, in five piles. The men are trembling. They watch each other, every moment.*)

OLGA (*Calling*): Otto!

OTTO (*Absently*): In a moment—just a moment.

(*Olga steps to table where Otto's cards lie. All wait one moment, take a deep breath, and with one movement, take up their hands. Each hand is turned over slowly, in utter silence, with every sign of a sort of terrified suspense. Olga starts, shows fear. Otto's hand is seen to hold the ace of spades. This card she quickly places at bottom of hand, flings the four together on the table centre, and laughs hysterically.*)

OLGA: Not here!

SCHMIDT (*He blinks and beams*): Vell! (*He joyfully flings his cards to the centre of the table.*)

WATCHEL (*As he laughs triumphantly and flings his four cards out on the pile*): And me too!

TODARO (*Standing up in his exultant excitement and flipping four cards, one by one face up on the table centre*): And I no gotta da ace!

OLGA (*Shrilly*): Wait! (*She catches up cards in a body*) This is wrong. Somebody has cheated! (*She runs through cards in her lap with feverish fingers. Then she cries with challenging derision as she holds up the ace of spades*) What's that? Who is the coward here?

The four men, by this time, are on their feet, all calling and gesticulating and shoutin together. "Yes, who's the coward?" "Who's the welcher?" "You people make me sick!" "Somebody's a liar at this table!" "Don't look at me when you say that!" "By God, the card was there!" "Was it, then who got rid of it so quick?" "Some coward of a hound!" "You calla me a 'ound? You t'ief of de Cross!" "You saw my cards! You saw there was no ace in my four!" "I didn't see your cards! But I saw my own. And I had no ace to sneak away!" "I don't believe it!" "I'll make you eat that or—" "I'll killa da man who calla me da coward!"

(*Otto comes in their midst and pushes them apart. His movements are no longer languid. There is fire in his eye, and he speaks and moves with the authority of a man conscious of his hortatory abilities.*)

OTTO: Shut up, you fools; shut up! Sit down—sit down, all of you. What are we here, the Inner Circle, or a gang of bar-room loafers? Are we Sons of Freedom, or are we a lot of swine at a trough? You, Rochette, and you, Schmidt, and you, and you, do you call yourself Anarchists? You're sitting here face to face with the chance of a lifetime. You know your hour has come; you know it's the time to act. And here you haggle and squabble about it as though you were afraid—yes, afraid, of what is going to be one of the greatest days in the annals of all Anarchy!

SCHMIDT: Dot's vat you dink! We don't!

WATCHEL: You've got the side-job of being a spell-binder. All that comes our way is the dirty work.

OTTO: Dirty work. Who dares to call it dirty work? Dirty? It's the most beautiful work that human hands were ever turned to. It's the work of cleansing, of purifying. Good God, what made you all Anarchists? You, Watchel, what made you an Anarchist?

WATCHEL: Thirteen children and no job. Ain't that enough?

OTTO (*To Rochette*): And you, what made you an Anarchist?

ROCHETTE (*He speaks slowly, but every word carries*): I saw my wife shot by the police, in the Car Shops strike. I saw her when she went down. She was shot in the breast—in the left breast. I tried to get to her. I had heard her scream. And I saw the little one fall out of her arms. I tried to tell

them. They only clubbed me back. Then I fought to get to her. They gave me twelve months for disorderly conduct and inciting to riot. When I came out she was dead. The baby was dead. Everything was gone. Everything.

OTTO (*Breaking the silence*): And you, Schmidt?"

SCHMIDT: I haf read much. I haf thought many years. I haf seen many countries. But I haf never seen Liberty. It vas wrong, der whole vorld! From der stard it vas wrong. So, we muss stard *ofer*. And to stard ofer, we muss end vhere we vas before. We must exblode vat iss. So! Der Anarchist is der only—

OTTO: All right, all right! And you, Todaro?

TODARO (*Vehemently*): Da chestnutta!

OTTO: The what?

TODARO (*With increasing fierceness as he proceeds*): Da chestnutta! Da policamans! Da kidda! Leesten! I sella da chestnutta. Da kidda steala da nutta. I chasa da kid. Anodder kidda keeck over da stand, spilla da nutta, losa da oil, grabba da mon, grabba da nutta. Da policamans he pincha me. Taka me to da Nighta Cour'. Da Judge he say: "Five dollar! Getta da license!" So! I getta da license. Da policamans he taka da nutta, mucha, den he saya: "Getta to 'ell offa da street." I tella him I hava da license. He say to 'ell wit' alla da ginneys and shuta up and move on. So I move on to da odder street. Da kidda upsetta da stand, two, t'ree time. I chasa da kidda. I catch heem and tella heem to come back and pick up alla da nut. Da odder kidda t'row da stone at me. Da mans all say, "Keel da Dago!" Dey chasa me. Da horse knocka me down. Da policamans taka me to da Judge, and da Judge he say: "One mont' on da Island! I tella you ginneys to get da license!" Den I say, "I gotta da license!" "Order in da Cour'!" he say, "and t'ree mont's on da Island!" So, I say, w'en I laugh, so: "Ha, da Landa of da Free!" Den da Judge he say: "Six mont' on da Island!" Ha! So! I no maka da mon' no more! No! I maka da bomb! I waita my time! I say to 'ell wit' da Law! To 'ell wit da flaga! Da Judge! Da countree! To 'ell wit' everyt'ing!

(*Otto, who is pacing back and forth, no longer seems to hear him. Then he stops and turns on them suddenly.*)

OTTO: You call yourself an Anarchist, and you, and you, and you! Because you suffered a little personal wrong, because you felt the heel of the law. And here's this man Dryster sucking the blood of life out of a whole nation. You saw the bread riots yesterday. You saw your own red flags torn down on Third Avenue. You were clubbed like a lot of curs. This morning you saw hungry women shot down in Union Square. You saw children trampled over by mounted men. And in one week you've seen bread go up from five cents a loaf to six, and then to seven, and then to eight and nine. You have seen hungry homes and heard babies crying for food. And why? Just because a fat hog in the shape of a human being wants a few more million dollars. Just because he and his parasites have been tricky enough to corner a hundred and twenty million bushels of wheat, of the world's wheat, of *our* wheat! And now he's got his corner and now they're calling him the new Wheat King. He has laid his wires, and now he is drawing them tight, tight about eighty million people. That one man can loosen or tighten those wires as he chooses, and when he tightens them, it's the whole world that suffers. His voice says how hungry we shall be, how small a loaf we shall eat, whether we shall live or die. He's the new king of wheat—but it only takes four ounces of nitro-glycerine to smash that whole bubble of inflated and insolent greed! One toss of the hand, and the core is torn out of the whole weltering, corrupting mass. It's got to be done, and it's going to be done. So, here, bring those cards. And as surely as I believe in Terrorism, I believe it's an honor to be handed that ace of spades. And I only hope that I'm the man who gets the privilege of blowing this Philip Dryster to the Hell where he belongs!

(*He is plainly a little drunk with his own wordy oratory as he takes his place at the table. Olga watches him, all the time. Her face is very white, but she speaks quietly.*)

OLGA: Shall I deal again?

OTTO: Why not? (*He turns to the four silent men as she slowly and impressively deals out the cards, one at a time, as before.*) But why are you sitting here like a gang of convicts under a scaffold? What are you Anarchists for? Why do you belong to the Inner Circle? Why has the International Board been paying you the money and keeping you month by month, if it didn't mean something to be on the Executive Committee, if it didn't mean something more than getting drunk on red ink and cheap music and rhetoric and going around mouthing about your Rights? Rights! I tell you we've got no Rights until we take them. And this is one of the times we have to take them. (*They all take up their cards.*) And here we find out who that happy man is to be.

(*The silence is unbroken. Each man looks at his cards. Olga watches Otto. Not a word is spoken. Then Watchel moves. His hands begin to shake. His eyes stare, stupidly. He is the picture of helpless terror. The ace of spades falls from his fingers to the table. The others throw down their cards, staring at him, as he stumbles and lurches to his feet in convulsive terror.*)

WATCHEL; (*Screaming*): No! I can't do it! My God, I can't!

OTTO: Sit down!

WATCHEL (*Frenziedly*): I can't! I —I have a woman and thirteen children!

OTTO (*Suddenly jumping to his feet, his firebrand of a face ablaze*): No! You can't do it! You won't do it! I won't give you the chance, you white-livered time-server. I will do it myself! Do you hear? You don't need to corner me into it. I want to do it. And I'm going to. I'd give ten years of my life to be the man who wipes out this blot, the biggest blot in the life of this Republic. I'd be ready to rot behind the thickest prison bars ever forged, if I could be known as the man who flung this wheat king out of the world he's trying to starve, if I could show his kind that their day is over, if I could teach them that when they take Justice by the throat, the Terrorist is there to take them by the throat! You understand? It's settled. That's all you're here for. You can all go down to Cooper Union and argue with Emma Goldman about your Rights and write poems for Mother-Earth and rub elbows with the Pastor-Stokes when the angel-cake basket is passed around. But I—inside of twenty-four hours I'm going to hurl a human life up into the face of God and show Him there's one man not wanted on this world of His!

(*They are all on their feet by this time, and they slowly draw back as the fierceness of Otto's declamation increases.*)

WATCHEL: Then you'll do it?

ROCHETTE: You say you throw the bomb?

SCHMIDT: You vass der man?

OTTO: Yes, I am the man. It's settled. You can breathe easier, all of you. And that being settled, I take it your meeting is over.

SCHMIDT: (*After him as he crosses to press*): Der picric acid, mit der Schmidlapp fulminate iss der best bomb! It iss—

OTTO: The bomb will not fail.

OLGA (*Who has followed him*): But you can't! You can't!

OTTO: Why not?

OLGA: Not so soon, not to-morrow. To-morrow you have promised to speak at the Tompkins Square meeting. And at Haddow Hall in Brooklyn at night. They're counting on you. You can hold them together.

OTTO: No, it's love for one another, it's hatred for Wrong, that's got to hold them together.

OLGA: But there's the strikers. They need you. You can keep them buoyant and hopeful.

OTTO: Then I'll give them something more than words to keep them buoyant and hopeful. (*To the four men, who are making ready to go*) And save your faces, gentlemen, and possibly your feelings, by informing the Central Committee it was I who drew the card. It is settled; I blame nobody. In two

days you will envy me. You will give your right hand to be in my shoes. Tomorrow at ten I shall confer with the Committee. But wait, don't go together. Rochette first. Then Todaro. Then Watchel. And Schmidt last. (*They each murmur* "Fraternitas" *as they go out. Otto stands watching them. Olga sorrowfully puts on her coat and hat. She is pinning on a heavy veil, when she suddenly stops, turns to Otto, and cries out.*)

OLGA: What will I do, if anything should happen?

OTTO (*Not yet down to earth*): You will do what other women have done. You'll feel sorry at first, and then you'll get over it.

OLGA (*Passionately*): Never! I'll never get over it!

OTTO (*Staring at her in astonishment*): That sounds like one of the rabble, like an ordinary woman.

OLGA: Oh, I believe I *am* an ordinary woman.

OTTO (*Once more the firebrand*): And the Cossacks cut your back open? You saw your father stood up against a wall in Warsaw and shot down? You took the Oath at Berna—and you say that?

OLGA: It all seems so useless. Sometimes it seems worse than useless. And I'm afraid now, afraid to face—(*almost in a scream*) Oh, Otto, don't let me be a coward!

OTTO (*As she forlornly clings to him*): There! There! What's the mattter? (*He calls her the Russian word for little pigeon*).

OLGA (*Gazing into his eyes*): I'm afraid.

OTTO: For what?

OLGA: For you! I'm afraid for you! (*They stand there, close together, looking into each others' eyes. Otto turns dazedly about the room which reminds him of his work.*)

OTTO: It's no use. We've got to face it!

OLGA (*Following him step by step, hungrily, as he moves gently away*): I know. But it's so hard!

OTTO (*The firebrand once more lashing himself with his own rhetoric*): Hard! Hard! How can you say that? Is it hard to cut away the gangrene? Is it hard to take out a rotting tooth, to uproot a cancer, to end a disease? No! It's glorious. It's purification. It means Hope. On it hinges the hope of men and women still unborn. No, no, —it's glorious. It's something that stands above love of home, and love of women, and love of life. I can feel my blood sing with the rapture of it. I can feel it thrill me into something that seems almost god-like. I can shake my fist in the face of Destiny. Anarchy! It's the only torch that can cleanse the world. It's the only true faith in an earth that's overcrowded with dead things. It only destroys that it may deliver, that it may redeem. And if Christ were alive to-day, if instead of being the son of a shepherd-folk who wandered beside a peaceful little lake, he were the hungry child of flat-dwellers in this over-crowded city of steel and stone, facing what you and I have to face, He would be an Anarchist. He would be a child of Anarchy as surely as He was once nailed to a cross!

OLGA (*Catching at him, unheeding and unhappy, as he slowly leads her to the door, which he as slowly opens*): Oh, help me, Otto! I'm afraid! (*They stand together, for a moment, arm in arm, without speaking. Then, with a sob, Olga turns and goes out through the door. As she goes, and without turning back, she murmurs, as did the others,* "Fraternitas!" *She speaks the word with a sob. Otto, as before, answers,* "Fraternitas!" *He stands for a moment or two looking after her, in a daze. Still in a daze he crosses to his printing-press, locks the form, lifts it to the press; and having struck a copy and examined it, begins running the small and noisy hand-press. He does it at a furious rate, as though he found relief in action. The sound of the press disturbs the lolling and dreamy-eyed Nikoff, with his concertina still between his knees, for on the wheezy instrument he again begins to play "The Marseillaise". Otto, busy with his printing, does not stop him. But as this goes on, the third figure, the apparently drunken man sprawled across the table, slowly lifts his head, looks covertly about, quietly rises to his feet, takes in the details*

"IF CHRIST WERE ALIVE TO-DAY, IF INSTEAD OF BEING THE SON OF A SHEPHERD-FOLK WHO WANDERED BESIDE A PEACEFUL LITTLE LAKE, HE WERE THE HUNGRY CHILD OF FLAT-DWELLERS IN THIS OVER-CROWDED CITY OF STEEL AND STONE, FACING WHAT YOU AND I HAVE TO FACE, HE WOULD BE A CHILD OF ANARCHY AS SURELY AS HE WAS ONCE NAILED TO THE CROSS."

of the room, and without a spoken word crosses noiselessly to the door and opens it. He looks back, for a moment, then steps out and as quietly closes the door. The curtain comes down with Otto bent over his press, wrapped up in his work, unconscious of what is around him.)

CURTAIN.

Act II of "The Firebrand" will appear in Canada Monthly for January.

THE JOURNEY'S END

BY THOMAS A. DALY

GOOD-BYE, dear heart. Be thou, as I am, glad.
Glad for the grace of loneliness and yearning
My heart, far faring from thee, shall have had
Ere its returning.

Pluck future joy from out this present pain;
Rejoice to know that these small seeds of sorrow
Shall be Love's harvest when we meet again,
Some bright to-morrow.

A Nook of the Cote de Neiges

By Ellen P. Huling

Illustrated with Photographs

DAISIES and clover run riot over the low mounds. In the hollows between, wild-roses and tangles of purple vetch sway lazily in the breeze. The air is heavy with perfume of sweet-grass and yellow clover, aflash with innumerable scarlet butterflies glittering brilliant as living flame. Behind us in the distance lie the low green ascents of Mt. Trafalgar; before us, the quiet cemetery slopes quiver upward through the heat. The little valley, shut in its warm odors and sunlight, walled in by fine impalpable haze, is the very embodiment of peace.

Through the trees in the distance gleam the marble monuments of the rich, rising tier above tier on the high hillside. But at our feet, low among the grass and daisies, lie the simple graves of French peasants, humble, yet not unmarked by love and care. Of the many visitors to Montreal, few come to this spot. Its simple graves, saved from the oblivion of time by images, relics, and crosses, belong rather to the past than to our restless present. And yet, in its quaintness, above all in its cheerful peace, this nook of the Cote de Neiges Cemetery is well worth a visit. Here, if ever, one might say of the dead "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

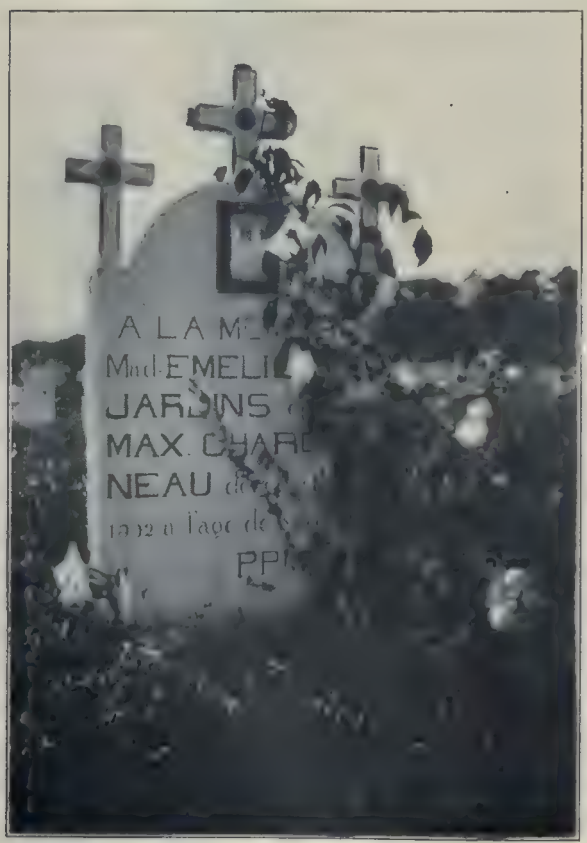
It is just this air of cheerfulness which most impresses the visitor. What though the owners cannot afford the perpetual tendance, the paid official care given to mortuaries of the rich? Here the very headstones, plain boards on which some habitant mourner has traced the name with illiterate but painstaking hand, show loving thought. No grave is without its tribute. Tiny dishes of holy water, rude crucifixes tied to the head-stones, papers of Latin prayers, even the little saints' images—broken, worn, but still vigilant—all show that the dead are not forgotten. Over the resting-places of little children cluster the tiny blossoms called "pensées"—"thoughts." And, beside the wild flowers that cover them like a mantle, few graves are without their blaze of scarlet geraniums, their tangle of fragrant clove-pinks, or their border of forget-me-nots. Everywhere is the brightness which the French love even in death. The sun shines warm, the scarlet geraniums gleam gay among the grasses. Who would dream this a place of mourning?

Perhaps the first thing that catches the eye is the odd form and ornamentation of the headstones, if one may so call the wooden monuments that mark the graves. Most of them are cross-shaped; most of them, too, manage to give not only the name but the likeness of their owner. This is done by means of a curious little niche hollowed out of the front of the headstone, which,

for the purpose, is made four or five inches thick. The niche is faced with glass or else has a swinging door. Inside of the glass stands a tiny picture of the deceased, usually surrounded by artificial flowers or plump little wax cherubs. The pictures are very realistic; even scarlet-tinted cheeks and stiff, unnatural poses cannot hide their likeness to the originals. One tin-type shows a middle-aged woman in a kitchen apron with her sleeves rolled up; another, an old habitant in his black cap, smoking a pipe. Plain, heavy, good faces they are for the most part; shrewd and not without a certain tinge of humor. In the same niche, close to the picture, are placed china figures of the Virgin and saints. St. Anne and the Magdalene seem to be the chief favorites, but St. Joseph and St. Anthony are also very popular. Beside the pictures and images, the headstones have much ornamentation in the form of gilt balls, scroll work, and rather grotesque carving. But differ otherwise as they may, somewhere upon every headstone there must be a cross. Without that, the dead would not rest well.

The lettering on the graves, being for the most part done at home, is very rude. In some cases the spelling is so bad that one cannot tell whether man or woman sleeps below. Each grave bears the name, age, and date of death; most of them have, also, a Latin prayer or a little sentiment of some kind. The latter is always cheerful. Copied literally, spelling and all, the following inscription is a typical one :

Ici Repose le Corps
De
Philiase Labelle
Decede le 15 Nov. 1894
A L'age De 34 Ans.
Consollez-vous. Vous
Tous Mets Cher
J' Abandonne
Une Valle de Larme
Pour le Royaume
Des Cieux.



PERHAPS THE FIRST THING THAT CATCHES THE EYE IS THE ODD FORM AND ORNAMENTATION OF THE HEADSTONES. MOST OF THEM ARE CROSS-SHAPED, AND GIVE NOT ONLY THE NAME, BUT THE LIKENESS OF THE SLEEPER BELOW

The names themselves legible when all else is obliterated, have a quaint sound. "Rose-Delima," "Zoe," "Scholastique," "Domethilde"—one repeats the names wonderingly. But perhaps the oddest name is one that reminds of the old pioneer days when black-eyed, red-haired, little Jean Batiste MacAlpine spoke with equal facility the Gaelic of his father or the soft French of his mother. On a plain, wooden headstone, noticeable only for red posts at the corners, one reads the following:

ici
Repose le Corps
De
William, Alias
Guillaume Scott.

"Guillaume Scott"! There is the history of Canada in a nutshell.

Although the cemetery is a

A VISTA IN THE COTE DE NEIGES. ALTHOUGH THE CEMETERY IS A VERY OLD ONE, FEW LEGIBLE INSCRIPTIONS BEAR THE DATES OF LONG AGO, FOR THE BLACK LETTERING WEARS OFF QUICKLY AND THE BOARDS SPLIT AND CRACK IN THE FROSTS

very old one, few legible inscriptions bear dates of long ago. The black lettering wears off quickly; the boards split and fall in the frosts of the long bleak winters. Most of the inscriptions of 1885—"cette année" when, bearing victims of the small-pox, the black hearses crawled many and often up the steep Cote de Neiges road—are even now, like their owners, blotted out from the memory of man. One very old grave dated "1802 Lachine" still remains. The corners of the headstone are rounded by time, the name is gone, but the stolid old peasant face with its high cheek-bones still looks out through its glass window soberly, hardly, as of old. There is no merriment in that face: in those days life was hard at Lachine.

But if there are not many very old graves, there are hosts of odd ones. One grave without a headstone is distinguished by a cross outlined in seventy-six oval disks of white porcelain. Another has each of the white stones in its border protected by a small glass dish. Still a third is ornamented with oyster shells, while a fourth is covered with pieces of glittering tin cut into crosses and into the form of the letter "G" for "Gesu." Here is a monument made of slender iron piping. Across it is fastened a heart-shaped piece of tin on which the name has been scratched with some sharp-pointed instrument. Yonder is a headstone over which, to protect the writing, a glass-bottomed metal dish, yellow within, white without, has been suspended. To our left is a peculiar grave ornamented, at regular distances, by electric light insulators. Near it is a cross made of empty spools fastened together with wire. Everywhere one sees wreaths of beads and immortelles, everywhere multitudes of artificial flowers and little saints' figures.

One of the oddest things in the cemetery is found on a grave so poor that it has not even a headstone. It is an elaborate funeral wreath of gray and white beads strung on wires over an oval piece of tin. Around the very edge of the tin runs an intricate flower pattern. In the centre are two large bead flowers surrounded by an inner border of innumerable leaves and flowers with tiny petals. Small as are the petals, each is made of gray beads doubled around a single white bead. All of the foliage is made by hand in the same patient, laborious manner. And yet, gazing at the little wreath, its oddity is forgotten. More than the most costly monument on the

EVERYWHERE IS THE BRIGHTNESS WHICH THE FRENCH LOVE. FEW GRAVES ARE WITHOUT THEIR BLAZE OF SCARLET GERANIUMS, THEIR TANGLE OF FRAGRANT CLOVE-PINKS, THEIR BORDER OF FORGET-ME-NOTS

hillside, it testifies to loving memory of the dead.

Another very interesting grave is that of two old habitants. The headstone itself is painted white, with round balls on the sides and a cross at the top. On the front of it is a broad, shallow niche, in which stands a china statue of the Virgin and Child. On either side of this is a curious little china angel with wings of some glistening material. Glued to their foreheads are carefully curled wisps of white hair. About them on every side is an elaborate border of white artificial flowers and black leaves. At the very top of the niche looks out a tin-type of the couple. The old man has on his heavy winter coat with his cap pulled well down over his ears and forehead. His wife is elaborately dressed, and wears, perched up on top of her high cap, an old-fashioned bonnet with strings. Though the cheeks of the tin-type are tinted a preternatural red, the expressions are very natural. The old woman is anxiously conscious that she is having her picture taken, and even looks a bit afraid of the photographer. But her husband, who holds her hands in his own work-hardened fists, is looking down on her with a lordly, protecting air, as if saying "I'll take care of you!"

Over in this same corner of the cemetery are the graves of the very poorest. They are all numbered—French method holds even in death—but not all of them have headstones. To the left is a grave unmarked save for a bottle containing a paper of Latin prayers; beyond it is one distinguishable only by a cross outlined in yellow tiles. Yet all bear signs of someone's care. Yonder is a nameless grave with a Canadian flag that tells its own story. Close by is a bare board to which is bound by wire a crucifix. Looking more closely, you see the places where two former images have rotted away; this is the third. Nailed to a board at your feet is another crucifix. Beneath it, looking upward to the figure on the cross, stands a statue of St. Anthony. Over the grave glitter bits of tin foil; about it is a border of white stones. In a pot sunken on the grave two pink geraniums are in full bloom. Flowers grow above the grave, and through the low palings around it straggle the long-stemmed daisies and clover. In the bright afternoon sunlight it is a cheerful little place. Though the dead are nameless, they are not forgotten.

In this same part of the cemetery are many odd and pathetic graves. One, guarded by a tiny angel figure, is that of a little girl of twelve whose picture shows her in the white robe and veil of her first communion. Another is that of a brother and sister dead within eight months of each other. On a plain white cross, ornamented only by a black crucifix, is a niche containing daguerrotypes of the young man and woman. A little funeral card glued below bears this inscription:

Albert Rochon
décédé le 23 juillet 1902
a l'age de 17 ans et 19 jours
et de sa soeur

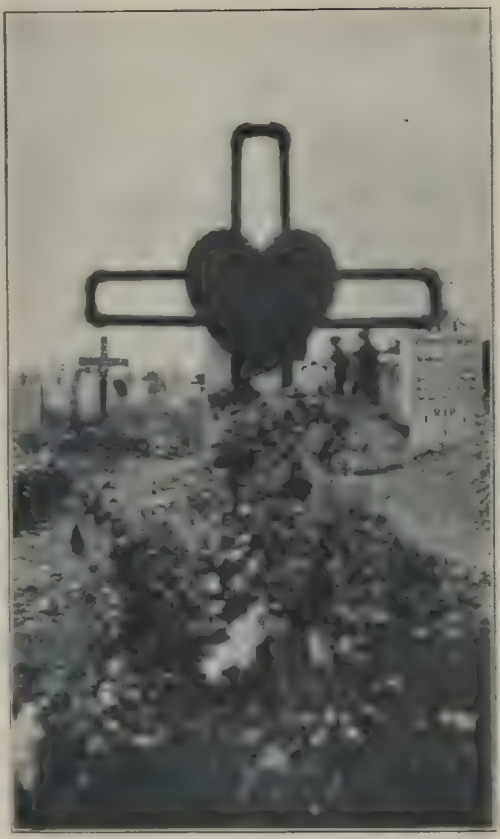
Justine Rochon
décédée le 14 mars 1903
a l'age de 19 ans et 9 mois
Nous les avons aimés pendant leur vie, ne les oublions pas après leur mort.
Daignez, Seigneur Jésus, ne point séparer dans le Ciel ceux qui furent si étroitement unis ici-bas.
Doux coeur de Jésus, soyez mon amour
(300 jours d'indulgence)
Doux coeur de Marie, soyez mon salut
(300 jours d'indulgence)
O Bon Jésus, miséricorde
(100 jours d'indulgence)
Une communion ! Une priere, s'il vous plait !

Somehow the multitude of little pictures in the headstones make you feel as if in the presence of many curious, gravely watchful eyes. Here a lad of twenty-two gazes out at you from his little glass window. He is very polite, this poor Joseph, for on his headstone we read :

S. V. P.
Priez pour moi
R. I. P.

The persons are mixed, but the fine French courtesy is all there.

But now the shadows are growing longer ; the sunset light floods the dried grasses till they glow dimly luminous, a pale glory in the dusk. With the chiller breeze, a scent of yellow clover rises, sweetly penetrating. Somewhere in the distance the Angelus bell is ringing. Over yonder on the grassy bank a party come to decorate the family graves are eating their supper, picnic-fashion ; the sound of their voices comes distinctly through the still evening air. Somehow the happy chatter, even the laughter of the children, does not seem out of keeping with the simple cheerfulness of the place. Three old habitant women come in together. Two are carrying bunches of clove-pinks, one has a fresh wreath of immortelles. At the sound of the Angelus all slip to their knees and murmur a prayer. Then, crossing themselves, they rise and walk up and down among the mounds, chatting, pointing to this or that grave, evidently gossiping of their friends below. There is not the least awe of the dead ; why should there be ? They are very near together in French Canada—the two worlds. No wonder that the villages are rich in lore of spirits and haunters of waste places ; about them contend the hosts of darkness and light ; the other world is so near that in a moment one may step beyond.



UNDER THEIR MANTLE OF FLOWERS, THE VANISHED HABITANTS SLEEP WELL

The sun drops low. Up from the valley rises the distant bleating of lambs, the tinkle of cow-bells, the sweet shrill voices of children. Below, men sit smoking in the doorways with their families around them ; at our feet the dead lie sleeping. Higher yet on the hillside the great black cross lifts its time-worn arms, gaunt, silent, inscrutable in the quiet evening light. The peasant below looks up fearlessly and murmurs a prayer ; above, the dead rest well. And the black cross watches over all.

UNFORGOTTEN

BY LESLIE ADAMS

I'VE not forgotten you; wherefore I try
To fill life somehow; to dwell peacefully;
With friends, with work, with some poor charity
To stifle my sore heart and still the cry
Within my soul, to soften to a sigh
The keen dear pain that racks and tortures me.
. . . . . Ah yes, my days go by!

I've not forgotten—no, I only pray
For strength to keep my daytimes fairly bright,
Endurable at least. With all my might
I thrust your image back all day—all day.
See, I can laugh the thought of you away
In sunlight . . but, oh God, the night!

The Heart of a Man

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Last Spike," "The White Mail," etc.

ROM the moment when I found upon my desk a wire saying Billie was coming—Billie, the brilliant young uplift author—I was interested. We had belonged to the same Press Club. He was now with somebody's magazine, published in a big town famous for the length and splendour of its main trail. I said I would help him. That was all I had been asked to do—help him. I was to help him to meet the big railway contractors, help him to see the great army of builders on the firing line, the steam shovel and the tracklaying machine in action.

By the time the slight bundle of brain and bone arrived in Montreal, I had the trail blazed. I had wired away to a friend in Ottawa and he had answered saying I ought to see a certain M.P., a Government contractor at Quebec.

We shipped on an R. & O. one twilight, and anchored under the walls of Quebec in the following dawn.

"The M.P.," I explained to Billie, "lives in the Fronto, the big house on the hill."

We breakfasted at the Fronto, after which I began to make advances. I asked the young man on the keys, showing him the name on my telegram, if this particular M.P. was tenting in his hogan, and he answered that he was, adding that he was d——d particular, too.

Just here the hunt began to be interesting. I asked if the Big Builder had been seen that morning. He had not.

We strolled over to the 'phone room. I asked the young lady to ring up the M. P.

"We never ring his room," she said.

"Never?" I asked.

"Never."

I knew Billie was looking at me.

Returning to the lobby we met the manager. I introduced the famous magazine writer, and asked the manager of the Fronto to ring up the M. P. Instantly the manager's face took on a troubled look. He went about asking the clerks and porter if anyone had seen the great man.

When he came to us he said: "As near as I can find out, he dined in his apartments last night, and, as he has not been seen, I fancy he breakfasted in his apartments this morning. He should be down before this."

"Will you send my card to his room?" I asked.

"Well, we — we — never do."

I heard Billie snicker. Unfortunately for me, the news had leaked out and had reached the big cities to the south that I was next the Buttons in Canada. All I had to do was to tell the boy to announce me, and the door would fall in. Billie had heard this story.

As we walked over to a quiet corner where I could swear without shocking the help, Billie remarked that I did not seem to saw as much freeze as he had supposed.

"Don't worry," I answered chestily, "I'll have this imperious pie-winner eating off my hand by night."

"I should say, if we may judge by appearances, he might eat off your arms and legs," Billie commented.

At this moment the prettiest little man I had ever seen came to us and asked, in a soft voice, if we wished to see Mr. ———, and he breathed the name.

I assured him that we were very anxious to meet the mighty Empire builder, and waited. I introduced myself, in a few well-chosen words, and then presented my friend, the greatest living writer of the American language. I confessed my inability to recall this nice man's name (I had never met him before), and he told me it was Archambault.

"Ah, yes ; of Montreal ? " I hazarded.

" The same," said he. "Archambault & Bosware, Architects."

" How stupid of me not to remember," I lied. Then I asked how we were to approach the king of contractors.

The little man let a pale cloud of cigarette smoke filter through his beautiful brown mustache and looked like a man thinking. We enjoyed looking at the little architect, for he was about the niftiest, nattiest he-person in captivity. Presently he spoke.

" I have an appointment at his office at ten," he said. " He'll probably pass this way." Then he closed his watch and left us.

Ten minutes later he returned and said : "At a quarter to ten I'll pass through the lobby with a man in a gray suit, wearing a soft white hat."

" Yes," I said, brightening.

" Well, that'll be his brother," and before I could recover he was off again. I heard Billie hassle like a hound, and turned to find him hammering his knee with his hat.

In a little while I saw the pretty little man come to the far end of the lobby and point us out. The man in the gray suit came forward, alone. He merely glanced our way, and was about to pass, when I stepped forward and flagged him.

"Are you Mr. ——— ? " I asked.

" That's my name," he said stiffly.

" Well," I began, " I am here with a friend, a great journalist, author and magazine writer. He is writing on the building of the Transcontinental. Will you help me to show him how it's done ? "

" Have you seen my brother ? " he asked.

" No," said I. " I've seen Roosevelt and Rockefeller, Lauder and Laurier, Bourassa and Billy McLean but I never expect to see your brother. He seems to be the faraway Moses for me."

Then the king's brother looked at his watch, saying he had an appointment with his architect at ten, and hurried on.

Billie and I went over to talk with the head porter about a smell wagon. By this time every man in and about the office knew that the two strangers wanted to see the Big Builder, at the mere mention of whose name the knees of the force knocked, and that they were reasonably sore. While we waited for the machine, the head porter tiptoed up, touched my elbow and jerked his thumb toward the door. A big man in laced boots and a broad hat was passing out.

" Well ? " I growled.

The porter waited until the big man had closed the door behind him, then whispered : " That's 'im—that's the M. P."

As we drove out from the Fronto we saw the Terror coming back down the street. I yelled "Hey ! " throwing up a hand. The big man, seeing we were motoring, was off his guard. As I sprang to the ground and started across the street, he waited. I was delighted, but surprised that he did not remember me.

" Do you remember Charlie Young?" I asked, searching for a telegram which I could not find, because Charlie had not sent any. However, I related the story of a little seance which Charlie had related to me, and did it so brazenly that he believed I had really stood behind his chair when he was taking a little conceit and loose change out of the Commission.

As we talked I led him over to the car and introduced the great magazine man. " Charlie would be very much pleased," I ran on, " if you could show us how you build a railroad," which was true, though Charlie had not said

so. I asked the M. P. for a note to his superintendent.

While the Big Builder hesitated, I congratulated myself upon the real fact that I did know Charlie. I knew, too, that Charlie had had no small part in assigning to this M. P. somewhere between ten and twenty million dollars' worth of work, for Charlie is one of the commissioners of the Transcontinental. Moreover, he's an Indian, and can be depended upon to build up to and make good any bluff a fellow brave might make.

The M. P. consulted his watch and said :

"If you'll wait till I get a heavy coat, I'll run out with you."

We drove back to the hotel. When we started out to the work, the hired machinery developed an impediment, and the M. P. ordered the driver—*our* driver, mind you—to "go back and get my machine."

When we hit the trail again we were seated in the M. P.'s five thousand dollar car. He drove us through thorough cuts where the jagged rocks were hidden under six inches of water, along the new grade, over tie roads and across country where there were no roads. He showed us the army in action. He let us smell the blast and listen to the rain of rocks that rattled on the roof of the blacksmith shop. He let us listen to him swear at the superintendent, the latter at the walking boss, the boss at the mule-whackers, the men at the mules.

At 1 p.m. he ordered the driver to take us to a famous road house where a river plunges from the rocky uplands over a high bluff into the St. Lawrence. It was November—spitting snow. We arrived chilled to the bone. The big man ordered Scotch and cigars. The servant returned with a bottle in one hand and three cigars in the other. "Bring a box of cigars, and let us take them out. No, leave that bottle here—we may want more."

To my surprise he neither drank nor smoked.

He ordered dinner for three in a private room, "and a good hot dinner for my chauffeur—whatever he wants."

Billie and I glanced at each other. A hot dinner for his chauffeur ? Hm ! That did not sound like the man who wasn't supposed to care whose toes he marched over, of whom all the hotel servants were scared.

By this time we were more interested in this big gruff builder than we were in his work. Did you ever know a man who swore at his gangs and drove them to the last inch, and then turned around and saw that they got what they needed and looked after their welfare and blew the commissary sky-high if the beans weren't the best in the market, and then if anybody taxed him with thoughtfulness turned brick-red and swore again ? Did you ? Yes ? Well, you swore by him when you had to sign contracts, didn't you ? So it was with this man. It doesn't much matter what a man says to his employees—sulphur-blue adjectives may be for the good of their dispositions and the advancement of the work—it's what he does for them, and what he says of them, rather than to them, that show the genuine temper of the man. Gruff the Big Builder might be, impatient of small hindrances, eager to get a free track for his own big work, but the way he spoke of his men, the things he did for them, his courtesy to us, his thought for his chauffeur, revealed to us the real and really big man. He had about him an air of suppressed gentleness. Later we learned, what we did not guess then, that this bear-man had just passed through the deepest sorrow that can come to a man. Perhaps his great grief had made him gruff, perhaps he swore at times to hide his tears.

When our dinner was ready, he thought again of the man who had sat at the steering wheel of the big car all morning.

"Take this bottle and these cigars up to our table," he said to the servant, "and remember, you're to see that man of mine has a good hot dinner—whatever he wants. He'll be hungry after our drive in this sharp air."

Again Billie and I glanced at each other. Somehow it made us feel warm.

The mileage under contract ran into

big figures, the price into many millions of dollars. He spoke of his age. This would probably be his last big job.

"Age," I mocked. "You are not ten years my senior, and I have been told that I am not old enough to be a grandchild."

"Bet you ten I am ten years ahead of you," he said.

As he spoke he slid a ten out on the table.

"I never bet," I laughed.

"Then you're no friend of Charlie Young's," he responded, flicking the ten toward me. Reluctantly I covered his bet, naming the year of my birth.

"Take the money," was all he said.

"Then will you dine with us to-night?"

"With pleasure," he answered.

When we had said good night, after a delightful and interesting dinner at the Fronto, we sat and smoked, Billie and I, and voted the M. P. among the big men we had met. We were to breakfast with him at six next morning and motor with him out to another job—sixty miles away.

The next day dawned, a wet Astoria day, and our drive was off.

During the afternoon the clouds lifted and Billie stole away, crossed the St. Lawrence and followed the new guide out to where a foreman for a sub-contractor was clearing stumps from the right-of-way.

"Weren't you down the river with the Big Chief yesterday?"

"Yes," said Billie, brightening at the mention of his friend. "A fine, kindly, big-hearted gentleman he is, too."

The foreman's jaw dropped.

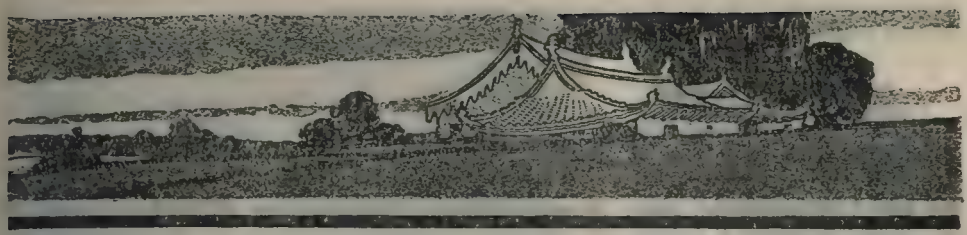
"Kindly!" he croaked. "*Kindly!* Ever hear him swear? Ever — why, say! He eats a man every morning for breakfast. Yes, sir! Eats 'em alive! *Kindly!* That's a good one!"

Now Billie was up there to get a story, and not to argue with sub-contractors' foremen, so he merely smiled quietly and faded elsewhere. But nobody can ever make Billie or me believe in the awfulness of that Big Builder again. The incident of the chaffeur's dinner was a small thing, but, interpreted aright, it was more than a five-foot shelf of biographies. That Big Builder is a good Indian.

A GLOWING FIRE

BY KATHERINE TRENT

WHO has not sat before a glowing fire,
And watched the pictures on the embers change,
Strange faces, with contortions most grotesque,
Usurped by battlements of castles strange,
A coal misplaced, and into tiny flames
Faces, castles, battlements dissolve;
And then, perchance, a dancing fairy leaps
From out a cavern, which quick revolves
Upon its axis, to disastrous fall,
And suddenly, upon a blood-red wall,
Strange writing, like Egypt's hieroglyphics,
Glides sinuously across with message dire—
For ruthlessly a heavy hand
Throws fresh coals on and destroys my fire.



McGAHAN'S CHRISTMAS

BY ARTHUR McFARLANE

AUTHOR OF "SALVING THE BELOOCHISTAN"
"FOLLOWING THE CIRCUS" ETC.

DRAWINGS BY
FREDERIC·M·GRANT

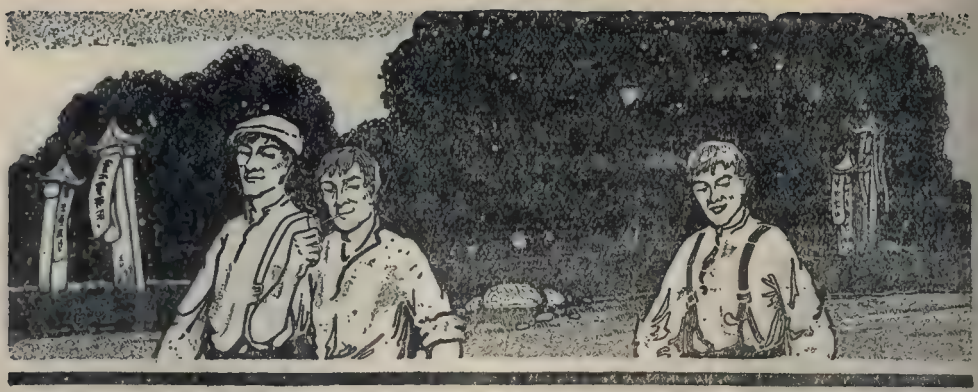
IT IS now some four years since two men of Chicago and New York, who had thitherto been very coarse in their methods, managed in some way to obtain from the Son of Heaven at Pekin, the Imperial sanction for the building and operation of a railroad through three Provinces of Southern China.

The said railroad was to run from one inland Celestial metropolis of four hundred thousand people to another of half a million, as it might be—leaving out the celestial—from Buffalo to Pittsburg. In coal and iron alone those three southern provinces must prove for China about what West Virginia and Pennsylvania and Upper Michigan are for the United States. Finally the franchise obtained was exclusive and perpetual. It was subject only to "the continued favor of the assembled deities"—a phrase in Chinese contracts manifestly of the same order as the "act of God" reservation in an old-line fire policy, something rendered entirely negligible, of course, by the small-print paragraphs below. In brief, those two financiers could sit back and looking Eastward see so much money that at times it was difficult for them to believe in it themselves.

"And now," said the elder, McGahan, who had begun as a contractor and still kept his coarseness, "what we got to do, right from the start-off, is to make Shane an' Pierson an' the rest of them hold things down."

To "hold things down" meant, in words of greater dignity, to exercise a policy of studied and far-reaching economy. The preliminary and vital survey for that railroad had been made. Its point nearest to the coast lay four hundred miles up river, with the passage out,—save for those who could talk Chinese—limited to the Company's supply boats. "Canton an' Hong Kong an' all them ports," continued McGahan, "are full of stranded rummies from here an' England. They're good enough stuff to break in for rod an' chain men. An' once we get them up there, I guess they're going to stay. Yes, an' more;" he added, with defiance, as if somebody had offered a remark, "Show 'em an offer of free passage home when the first section's done, an' they'll *want* to stay."

This story is about three half-fed, foot-weary and inexpressibly homesick rod-men who had been taken on as above, who had been attached to Party A, and were now known in the sour humor of the camps as "the three



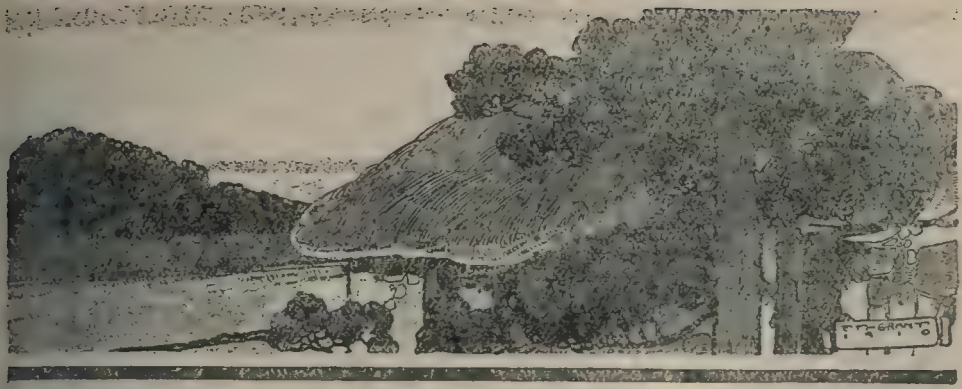
back-county Canucks who were lookin' for a swim."

By name they were George Long, Truman Bush and Bill McHenry. They were all of farming stock. They had all come from the same school section in central Ontario, and they were none of them profoundly educated. They had arrived in China via a Northwest harvest excursion, and then a freighter carrying blooded stock from Seattle. They had gone to China because they had heard that China was opening up and in a year, or at most two, a man could make a fortune there. After eleven months of making fortunes, which had reduced them in weight by about thirty pounds apiece, they had signed for railroad surveying up river to get their transportation home. In the two months since, they had had every chance to familiarize themselves with the inner secrets of "holding things down".

As a first enlightenment they had learned that the cost of all "sundries" must, of course, be deducted from their wages; and "sundries" included boots, candles, rubber blankets, and the distilled water which the Company was wise enough to insist upon their drinking. Two days' acquaintance with the cook tent made it plain that if they were to eat at all, half their monthly "go" must be checked back into the Company's treasury for "special supplies." Ditto for soap, tobacco, medicines,—all these things, too, being listed at ten times their cost price. . . . "They've got us," said Long, "and we might as well make out, somehow, to stand for it." By eating food not meant for any man to eat, by denying themselves tobacco and quinine, and by sleeping for the most part in their clothes, they had so far managed at least to keep out of the Company's debt.

But, as that Chinese winter-summer of November grew steadily more and more sweltering, their general misery—with the weight of their homesickness—had ended, crazily, by translating itself into a craving that was almost monomania. As McHenry finally burst out and put it to the Chief Engineer himself, "come hot weather like this back where we come from, us boys'd be gettin' together once a week anyhow an' strikin' down to the creek, an' havin' a swim. An' what we want, by cracks, is the chance, now an' again, to tramp it in the right direction an' git that swim in *now*."

The Chief was much tickled. Almost every week there came an "off" afternoon. The three were not the sort who played tricks on the natives. And he told them by all means to go ahead. What he might also have told them, and what they might well have begun to suspect for themselves, was that the odds were a hundred to one against their finding any place they would care to swim in between Canton and Pekin. For, just as every big river in China is the drainage canal for all the cities along its banks, so is every lesser stream the drainage canal for the towns and villages. For five successive afternoons-off did Bush, Long and McHenry add half a day's gruelling tramp through the sun to the regular slog with the instruments. Sometimes they fol-



lowed the sticky "loess" of the ditch-like roads. Sometimes they took to the muck of the rice meadows. But there was never any difference in the result.

"Boys," said Bush, heavily, after the fifth leg-dragging homeward trek—they were now within a week of Christmas, which was mockery enough in itself—it looks like we might about as well content ourselves an' give it up."

And they would have given it up. But when Christmas itself brought them their next day off, there was a visitor in camp.

About the time the three began that quest for a swim, McGahan started for China. He had only been able to glimpse the possibilities of that railroad when he had gone through the country two years before. Now, he told himself, his health demanded that he take a two-months' holiday and see it from terminal to terminal.

Acting on good consular advice, at Canton he rented a little Clyde-built tug launch for motive power, and a big roomy house-boat to live in; for house-boats have been made things of luxury in China. Then, towed up and down from camp to camp, he gave his rail-roader's eye the banquet of endless miles of maize and rice and oil-beans, of a ceaselessly flowing volume of land and water traffic, of solid, seven-foot seams of the black-bituminous cropping out even on the river bluffs, and, up a brown-hued tributary where they were to run a branch line, twenty miles of hematite ore to out-sample anything in the Gogebic! Night after night he tied up at one of the little pigeon-English telegraph offices along shore, and sent home hundred-word cablegrams about it, "only to get the steam pressure off his chest!"

"Lord," he murmured, "and coolie labor to be had for its feed in skilly! This is one of the places where you can't see anything *but* money!" There are certain hours when we feel that we are enjoying "the favor of the assembled deities," indeed!

And on Christmas he moored at the camp containing Bush, Long and McHenry.

Since morning it had been more overpoweringly hot than any day of an Ontario August. McHenry, too, looked like a case of fever, which added

to their misery. There was every reason why they should have taken their rest for once. But, "jinks," said McHenry himself, "I can't stand to look at him. Unless you boys want me to get you into a mix-up that'll fix us worse than ever, we'd better shake a leg. If we don't find any swim, anyways we'll get *somewheres*."

Off to the south lay a grey-blue line of distant woods. They seemed at least to promise coolness. And getting dully into their stride they "lined out" for them overland.

Of the first half hour of that hike only the regular story could be told. . . . After the first half hour, they began to realize that they were getting into a sort of Chinese landscape that was entirely new.

No longer were they skirting crooked, vile-smelling irrigation trenches. They had come out upon something that was really a road, wide, and mossy, and over-drooped with huge, hollow-bowled trees like thousand-year-old sycamores. On both sides a kind of great, lawn-like meadow terraced itself down to the woods. Here and there among the trees stood lichen-covered statues of fantastic animals like dragons and lion-dogs.

Twice they passed a tiny stone hut. From both a hoary old Chinaman gaped once, then fled for his life. But that was what they had been seeing daily for the last three months. What suddenly seized and drew and held their eyes was this:

Dropping circuitously down to the line of the road from nowhere—flowing under it, indeed, by a little, hump-backed bridge—was a stream as clear as the creek back home itself! Here it was pebble-bottomed. Further on it was green, streaked with water grasses. But always it was *dewy* clear! And, for as far as they could see, their road ran beside it.

They started on again, almost on the run. Another ten minutes and that stream widened and deepened above a moss-fledged dyke. It was not *quite* wide and deep enough. But it was a promise.

"Say!" said George Long.

"Say!" said Truman Bush.

And, "Say!" said Bill McHenry. "Say, I guess this is goin' to be our Christmas present!"

Now the road began to measure itself at regular intervals by queer worn marble uprights and lintels like closed doorways. And upon some of them weather-faded gilt papers, with inscriptions, had been gummed.

At that George Long was ready to worry himself. "Gosh, I don't like the look o' them notices. Supposin' after all, it's some kind of a park, or a picnic grove?"

"Then if it is, it's one they've given up using. You can see that sole leather ain't broke this road in a year. Only look at the moss."

And even as they spoke their eyes began to get vision of something ahead in the dark-green twilight of the still-thickening woods. The road lost itself where the trees, some of them huge, deep-bowed willows now, encircled a broad shadow-checkered disk that seemed once to have been paved. Other roads came out upon it, too,—but the three saw them not. All they saw,—all they *knew* was that at the foot of that paved space, their stream came to its perfect fruition in such a swimming-hole as does not exist even in central Ontario.

It was so perfect that George Long again held back: "Do—do we chance her?"

"*Do we chance her!*"

McHenry was sloughing off his garments as he ran.

But Bush was the first to get in.

"An' say," he said, ineffably, "she's just righty right!"

They had been swimming for an hour. The sun was falling low. But again they frogged it in, and did "dead-man's-dives" and "part-the-hair's," and caught each other by the ankles, and passed around ecstatic smacks. Then, sitting down waist deep in the cool willow shade, they watched their legs rise mysterious and snake-like to the surface.

"Jinks, an' water-skaters, too!"

McHenry tried to catch one. "It's all right, now, little feller. No need to

get a-scared at all. You want to know we're all of us old friends o' yours."

"Gosh, but don't the sight o' them make you feel—don't they just seem to——?"

"If you ask *me*," said Long, "I feel as if I could cut right through yonder to Thompson's bush, an' be in our back twenty!"

Far off in the woods a bird began to sing. They could have sworn that it was a Canada sparrow. "O-o-o, sweet Can-ada, Can-ada, Can-ada!" it fluted.

"Jinks," said McHenry, "that's pretty near too much for me. I guess we better be climbin' out an' gettin' back."

But they continued to sit where they were. And once more with faces wanly hungry and athirst they gave their souls full vent in talk of Home.

. . . . . .

"But, say, what's *that?*"

"It's somebody comin'."

"It's a whole *bunch* comin'!"

They ran for their clothes. But, once out of the hollow basin of that "swimming-hole," they realized they had been in a kind of sound-proof. And still more had the thickness of the woods been a be-muting screen for whatever company was now fast nearing them. From one of those masked and moss-covered roads that they had refused to see before, there came a multitude of little creakings and clinkings, and then the rhythmic shuffle of many sandaled feet that moved together.

"Gosh, boys, it's some kind of a *procession!* We better put for it the way we are!"

"We *can't!* No man's got the nerve even to *run*—like *this*." They tried feverishly to get their wet limbs into arm and leg-holes which had been left inside out. And, a minute later, they found themselves standing off what seemed to be all the yelling red-umbrella men, all the jibbering "jossers", all the screeching, gold-placarded chair-bearers in China!

"Lord, what's the *matter* with you?'

From two gilded chairs in the middle of the "procession," there fell a pair of weazened, white-goatee'd old gentlemen in lemon-colored wrappers. They squawked once like shot parrots, went down on their faces, and rose only to go into hysterical, falsettoing paroxysms!

"What's the *matter* with you? Dang it, we ain't *done* anything!"

With every moment the "jossers" and chair-bearers and red-umbrella men were working themselves into a more infuriate frenzy.

"We're goin', we're tellin' you, just as soon as we can get a few blame' clothes on!"

"If you don't want us here, you only just got to ——"

But again those two yellow-clothed ancients had prostrated themselves. This time it was in a veritable epilepsy. They flailed their heads upon the ground!

"My Gawd," cried Bush, all but going to their rescue himself, "You old geezers are goin' to do yourselves a hurt!"

And there the chair-bearers flung themselves upon them all together. It was well that the three had had some previous experience in rough-and-tumble. A weak place showed itself in the ranks of the red-umbrella men. They battered their way through. Their unlaced shoes hung on them like clogs, and they kicked them off. By good fortune they had come out in sight of the road by which they had gone in. And then, with shouts of raging innocence, they ran and ran and ran.

The camp first heard, then saw them coming. And it required no genius to guess the intentions of the mob that followed. The Chief rushed the three down to the landing stage, on to the house-boat, and the house-boat out into midstream. Then, with the help of a chattering camp interpreter, he made out what their offence had been. All they had done was to take their swim in perhaps the most sacred of all sacred pools in the Middle Kingdom. As for the two old gentlemen in yellow, one was the Governor, and the other was a second-cousin of the Son of Heaven himself! As a method of celebrating Christmas—!

Another half hour showed the wisdom of getting the whole camp aboard. The Chief wired a "Shove for the coast!" down to Parties B, C, D and E —luckily his own gang was furthest in —and took to the boat himself.

It was then, too, that he made another attempt to make the situation clear to the still staring McGahan.

"Oh, we're in bad, mighty bad!— You remember something, don't you in the papers they gave you, about the *fung shui*—the assembled deities?"

Yes, McGahan remembered that.

"Well, a sacred pool is a place where the assembled deities hang out!"

He pointed to the shore they had left. It was black, or rather dark blue with yapping thousands. And they were obviously making ready to come out on rafts and sampans.

"First of all we've got to pitchfork Bush and Long and McHenry out of the country, and make capital of it. Show their passage paid to America on the first boat. Let the authorities at Hong Kong put them aboard under guard. We can maybe make the bluff, too, that in America they'll be given *ling chih*.* When we meet the next supply boat, we can shove them ahead on it."

"An' how long is the work goin' to be interrupted?"

"Oh, *that!*"—the Chief made a gesture; "A year! two—five!—you'll have to begin all over again at Pekin. And it's going to cost you, too, from A to Z!"

But, with the arrival of the supply boat, all that Long and Bush and McHenry knew was that they were going home! At least they were going to San Fran, or Seattle, or Vancouver, and the rest they could take care of for themselves. They were going home, and that by the next liner, and all expenses paid. They stood at the stern of that supply boat, ragged and bruised of limb and unshaven. But their faces were the faces of men translated!

"We're goin' home, boys! I reckon you might say it's Christmas after all."

"An' I don't know as we're wantin' any other!"

They had that in their souls which made it possible for them even to feel kindly towards McGahan.

He was standing by a stanchion of the house-boat. He had once more choked up till he was veiny-jowled. He could not speak for rage.

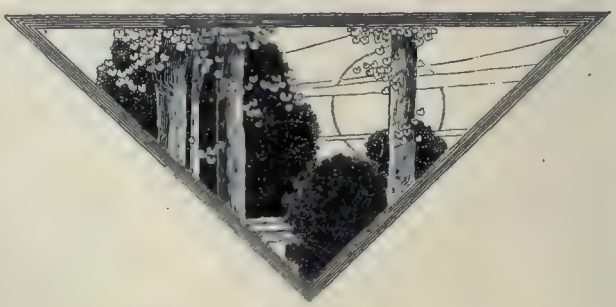
As the supply tug began to get under way, McHenry started to put things right to him again. "We want you to know that the only chaps we hit back yonder were chaps that hit us first. And them old geezers we never hit at all."

"There's a good eighteen dollars due us, takin' all three," said Long, "but we're not saying anything about that. We're willing to let it go."

"D—— you!" screamed McGahan, "D—— you! I'd like to see the whole bunch of you fed into the fire box!"

Truman Bush passed his hand over his head with the expression of a man who gives it up. "All *right*, all *right!* But we're tellin' you it just this once more: All we went out there for, an' all we had was a swim!"

*Death by "ten thousand slices."



Digging Apples Out of the Ditch

By E. A. Orchard

Illustrated With Photographs

TO the average traveller, the Okanagan is only a name on the time-tables, presumably spotted down somewhere on British Columbia's map, presumably a scramble of mountain and lake and valley, like most of the coast province. Perhaps, if he has a retentive memory, he may wrinkle his eyebrows and recall,

"Okanagan? Okanagan? Why, that's where they raise the apples, isn't it? Seems to me I read of their taking a prize or something over in London—Royal Agricultural Society, or something like that."

But most of the general public are unaware as yet of the charm and the possibilities of the Okanagan. Situated in the Dry Belt of British Columbia, this long narrow valley, one hundred and fifty miles in length by from one to four or five miles in width, embracing about 250,000 acres, is one of the greatest fruit-growing spots on the North American continent.

At the present time there are considerably over one million fruit trees planted in the Okanagan, and when one considers that the fruit industry of the valley is only in its infancy, it augurs well for those whose interests lie therein. In three years, say, all of these trees will be bearing fruit. What does that mean? It means at least 10,000,000 boxes of apples, plums, pears and peaches, ready to market. At 600 boxes to the car, this would show, roughly, some 16,000 carloads. Allowing a profit of at least fifty cents per box, the annual profit would be at least $5,000,000. And this does not take into account the steadily increasing planting of trees and increase of orchard acreage.

Irrigation—scientific, systematic irrigation—has made the Okanagan. Old settlers will tell you of early days when the valley was looked upon as being only fit for cattle-grazing. Fruit-growing on the dry benches was considered—or would have been considered if anyone had the audacity to suggest it—as sheer nonsense. It was a cattle country, and nothing else, and the ranchman who petted an apple tree or so with an occasional bucket of water in the hope of its reaching maturity was looked on as a sort of mild lunatic.

Now, though there is an occasional ranch scattered through the valley, the main industry of the Okanagan is fruit-growing, and the district has become known as the place where the prizes go. The irrigation scheme in use in various parts of the valley may be typified by the largest one, "Grey Canal," named in honor of Earl Grey. The water is taken from a lake in the mountains on the south side of the valley, and is brought at a high level to a point where it crosses the valley in large wood-stave pipes, syphon-wise, to the north side, where through massive masonry gates it empties into the fourteen foot wide bed of the canal. Thence it winds in and out, flowing westward along the face of the range, sometimes in open ditch, and sometimes in trestled flumes, until at Vernon it overlooks the town at an elevation of about 800 feet. It now flows

northward up the main valley of the Okanagan, having once more to be syphoned across a large gulch en route, thence west again, across the valley, after which it turns southward along the western ramparts of Vernon, and, after thus almost encircling the town, it winds up at Okanagan Lake. The total distance covered by the stream is close on thirty miles, and the system, when complete, with the laterals, will have entailed an expenditure of about half a million dollars.

This great undertaking is the work of Mr. W. C. Ricardo, the manager of the Coldstream Ranch, who, with the assistance of his engineer, Mr. A. E. Ashcroft, has made possible the cultivation of an area of at least thirty thousand acres. What such a system will mean to those who own lands within its scope, which hitherto have been almost useless owing to the lack of water, is easy to guess.

And so it is with all the large irrigation companies—whether operating at Kelowna, at Peachland, at Summerland, at Penticton, at Okanagan Centre, at Wood's Lake or other parts of the valley—the introduction of water has meant a tenfold increase in the initial value of the land, and will mean a much greater increase in property values as time goes on.

ONE OF THE BIG WOOD-STAVE PIPES UNDER CONSTRUCTION
Through this runs the clear stream that has made fruit-growing possible in the Okanagan

The soil throughout the valley is a black loam, with clay subsoil on the bottom lands and light clay loam and decomposed rock or clayish silt on the benches, upon which is grown most of the fruit to-day, although one may find also, in spots, the lightest sand and the heaviest clay. The climate is fairly uniform. Compared with other parts of the northern continent the Okanagan does not as a rule experience any very great extremes of temperature. This is owing largely to the presence of the many bodies of water. The hottest days in summer may reach as high as 100 degrees—and it is this which accounts for the beautiful colouring of the fruit—but, no matter how warm the days may be, the nights are always delightfully cool. And, again, although the coldest winter days may bring the mercury down to ten or fifteen degrees below zero, yet, as the air is always calm at such times, and the cold snap a matter of a few days

THE KIND OF APPLES THAT WIN PRIZES FOR THE PROVINCE

only, one does not experience any discomfort.

With such soil, climate and irrigation, served by Canadian Pacific railway and steamer, and with a constantly increasing market, the conditions under which the Okanagan fruit-grower works are almost ideal. Nor is there any fear that the market will be glutted, for besides the prairie provinces which are becoming more thickly settled year by year, and which are British Columbia's natural market, there are the British Isles, Australia and Japan, as well as the coast cities, so it is evident that the optimism of the fruit-grower is well founded. Hay, grain, small fruits, poultry and dairy produce will, of course, always find a market nearer home.

From recent observation it will be seen that British Columbia has, for the last half-dozen years, carried off the highest award at the Royal Agricultural Society's show in London, besides other valuable trophies, and, while the exhibits have been taken from the whole province generally, yet, as in previous times, the Okanagan contribution has formed a very important part of the whole. This is only natural, for that district has come to be regarded as the principal fruit district of the province. Furthermore, statistics will show that the Okanagan, with its tributary valleys, has the

largest extent of uniformly good fruit land of any part of British Columbia, or in other words, of Western Canada. Again, the highest and the greatest number of awards won in open competition at the large exhibitions of fruit, apart from the British Isles, may be traced to the " Sunny Okanagan," whose extent of orchard acreage far exceeds that of any other valley in the west.

But the Okanagan is not for every chance traveller to settle in. It is a fast growing district, and, while unskilled labour can and does make a living, yet the inducements are rather to the skilled mechanic, the farmer or fruit-grower, the capitalist, and such as may have capital enough to permit them to take an active part in the general upbuilding.

In common with other parts of Canada, the great outcry seems to be for domestic help, the average wages of this class being about $20 per month.

The same rule applies as in other districts, viz., that the skilled mechanic will find that his worst trial will be his first six months, until he is known ; after which he will have no difficulty in securing work, in spite of the slack season—which, for outdoor work, is from December first to the middle of March. His wages will run somewhat as follows : Bricklayers, plasterers and masons, between $4 and $5 per diem ; carpenters, $3 to $4 ; plumbers, 40 cents to 75 cents per hour ; farm labourers, $2 to $2.50 per day (without board) ; painters, 35 cents per hour, and so on.

Perhaps the majority of the settlers in the Okanagan are interested either in farming or fruit-growing, so that the following figures from reliable sources may be interesting. Good general farming land may be bought for from $25 to $100 per acre and upward, according to quality. Mixed farming land, suited to growing fruit in parts, commands a slightly higher figure as a rule, although not necessarily so. The best fruit land, unplanted, runs from $150 in parts to $250 per acre and up, the high-class picked land with irrigation facilities generally exceeds this figure. Some times there are buildings on the properties at these prices. But planted orchards run to $300 per acre and up to $1,000, according to conditions.

The cost of a ten-acre fruit farm would run to about the following figures : Ten acres of cleared land at $200 an acre, $2,000 ; fencing, $100 ; cost of planting, cultivating, spraying, etc., for first year, $350 ; cost of cultivation, etc., afterwards, at $200 per year for four years, $800 ; which makes a total cost for the first five years of $3,250. The cost of building a "frame" house would be from $500—in which case the owner would do almost all the work himself—to $1,500 and up, by contract. There is no lack of hotel accommodation in the towns, and it rests with the guest to decide whether he will choose a $1 per day house or up to $2.50. Boarding-house rates run from $28 to $40 per month.

All in all, "Sunny Okanagan" is a sort of private valley of content, sheltered by the encircling mountains from droughts, blizzards, and extremes of heat and cold ; dotted with schools and churches ; affording good fishing, hunting and camping to the lover of out-of-doors, and good living to the farmer and agriculturist. Clubs, societies, a squadron of mounted rifles, a company of infantry, musical and dramatic organizations form part of the social life of the valley. The people are real Saxons, fond of their homes and their sports, and while holding fast to laurels won, are determined to win yet more.

One Foot Up and One Foot Down

By J. H. Reed

Illustrated by Donald McGregor

THERE have been many rainy days during the past fortnight, and the dry and thirsty earth eagerly drank the life-giving showers. It was quite interesting to watch the effect upon the parched meadows. From our doorstep, morning by morning, the aspect of the field under the old camp, buried in the oak-crested hill, varied. Before the rain came, the dried grasses made it nearly as rich in colour as the golden stubble on the right of the wood. Gradually the brown faded away and the green deepened, until an emerald carpet gladdened the eye.

Between the storms cloudland has revealed its beauty. The pictures have been delightful. Far away the woods are bearing their sombre autumn green, and as the dense rain clouds hung over them the dark shade grew darker still. Over the round-backed field, where the mushrooms grow, hung a circular belt of blue, as beautiful as the fringe of the petals of the forget-me-nots that shyly haunt the banks of the stream, laughing merrily as it gaily passes them by, and over the blue were little white clouds that lay like a flock of sheep at rest. From the summit of a tumulus on one of the highest of the Quantock crests a beautiful effect was seen. It was encircled by a charming mass of white clouds, a miniature range of mountains, their bases resting on the blue, and rising in all kinds of delightful forms into the blue above. This is the opening morning of the stag hunting. A fine stag has been roused from his couch of bracken—the harbourer located him in the early morn—and now a hundred excited horsemen are seen a mile or two away galloping amid the purple heather. As water-spiders skim over the face of the pond, so they appeared like so many land spiders dashing over the heather to be foremost in the chase.

Perhaps the prettiest pictures in all cloudland were the many rainbows. One found a resting-place on the summit of an old camp at one end and at the other on the pale red cliff behind the hamlet. Within the bow flocks of sheep rested in green fields, herds of red cattle browsed contentedly on the new and succulent grasses, sheaves of corn ran across some fields from hedge to hedge, scattered here and there were the ricks which had been safely garnered in the brilliant sunshine before the rain had come. Perhaps the most striking object within the bow was the grand Lombardy poplar which guards the little hamlet of thatched cottages, with their lovely creepers and wonderful roses. Spire-like, it rises to an immense height, and is the tallest tree in all the vale.

This rainbow recalled another seen in our wanderings many years ago.

It was in a Cornish village. After a long day's tramp, we went for a stroll as the sun was dropping in the western sky. There was a headland ablaze with golden gorse, and beyond the great blue sea. Enclosing the headland was a rainbow, and the perfect arch rested on the bosom of the waters. Within the beautiful circle two ships appeared, perhaps Indiamen hastening up Channel with their rich cargoes of silks and spices, with their white wings all fully spread to catch the favouring breeze. The lovely combination of blue and gold and the delightful picture of the ships within the bow formed a picture of beauty ever living in memory's storehouse.

Our walk was through the pretty village of Bicknoller and then up its coombe. The rain had made a path of emerald green, and as we passed one or two of its springs, with the soft, spongy places made by their bubbling waters, the little bog pimpernel lifted its rosy funnel-shaped corolla and asked for a passing glance, and in another little dell were the sweet-scented yellow flowers of the esphodel.

Emerging on the crest, just at the head of Bircham Wood, where there was a charming view of Butterfly Coombe with its winding slopes covered with oaks, stood an ancient hawthorn. Two stems about a foot apart started life to make trees, but on this wind-swept spot they found it hard to live through winter gales, and, to save themselves from destruction, about five feet from the ground rubbed shoulders together, and united their forces to fight the storms. The combined trunks made quite a respectable bole, five or six feet in girth, and then sent out arms more like a sturdy young oak than a modest hawthorn. Now it is very rugged aloft, but still bears fruit, and may weather many a winter yet. The old tree is protected by the hardy silver lichen which tenderly covers the bark, and tries to temper the cold and wintry blasts.

Following the Stowey Road across the hills an upward path is found which leads to Danesborough camp. Along this camp are anthills, or nests of pismires, the Old English name in use in Lincolnshire. They were quite four feet high, and rudely constructed outside of leaves, twigs, and minute stones. Tubular roads lead to the interior, where are numerous apartments of varying sizes, in separate storeys, and connected by galleries. The vast community consists of males, females and neuters. The two former are winged, and are few in number. The neuters are wingless, and are either workers or soldiers. The latter are the larger, and have more powerful heads, and hence stronger fighting jaws. It was curious to watch the workers, they all seemed to be in such deadly earnest. One carried a leaf aloft, like a big, brown umbrella. Another brought a grain of corn, and dropped it down one of the circular roads—perhaps the granary was below. Two proud young things had found a twig of heather with two or three bells on it. By tremendous effort they had dragged it safely to an entrance, and had just got it inside—perhaps they thought it

might adorn a State apartment—but alas! they were doomed to disappointment, for a crowd, outward bound by this road, without ceremony pushed the heather bloom outside. The delight of the pair was quenched, and they retired in high dudgeon.

And now the camp is reached. Danesborough by name, or, as old

deeds call it, Dawesborough—that is, a beacon or dawn. On lofty beacons in ancient days watch fires were lighted to tell of the enemy's approach, and beacons were called dauntrees. This may be the derivation of our Dundry. Alas! The pretty legendary derivations are no more. "Now I have done dree," as the builder said who had lost by Bitton (bitten) or gained by Keynsham (gained some), and done three when noble Dundry Tower was finished. Or that other story when the teetotal builder refused liquor to his masons, and so the tower was "dun dree" or Dundry.

There is a double fortification, and the area within is ten or eleven acres. The view is glorious. Behind the great mound the brown tower of Nether Stowey loomed large, a mile or two away. The camp was a favourite resting-place of Coleridge, and it may be here he wrote :

And now, beloved Stowey, I behold
Thy church tower, and methinks the four huge elms
Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend,
And close beside them, hidden from my view,
Is my own lonely cottage, where my babe
And my babe's mother dwell in peace.

Beyond lies Mendip range, and Glastonbury tower crowns the solitary tor. To the left the Welsh shores show gray in hazy light. White sails flit on the waters between the Steep and Flat Holms. Villages are scattered over the plain, and old Stogursey—Stoke Courcy—lies open like a book, the village tower gleaming white. This is a quiet, sleepy little town running along the back of a slight eminence on the rich, fat plain which stretches away from the fringe of the hills. It received its name of Stoke from the Saxons and, as the name indicates, was defended by stockades. Then the Norman Conquest came, and it passed into the possession of William de Falaise, and subsequently to the family of De Courcy. Its double name has been corrupted to Stogursey. Its glory is the grand old Norman church of St. Andrew. It is cruciform, and is of considerable dimensions and great beauty. The font is of great antiquity; perhaps it was even of an earlier date and stood in a Saxon church. Round the middle runs a twisted cable, and above are four rudely-carved heads. There are splendid double Norman arches supporting the massive tower. The mouldings are perfect, very beautiful and rare. The carvings on the capitals are rich. There is a wonderful animal, double-headed; a horse with a remarkable tail, and a head with large eyes and protruding tongue. In the chancel is a deeply set lancet window. On the south of the chancel is the Verney aisle, with two altar tombs; the most elaborate is that of Sir John Verney (1422-1461). His head rests on a helmet and crest, and his feet on

a dog. The tomb is decorated with figures of the saints in excellent preservation. On the edge of the moulding are the Verney arms, three ferns, showing that the old knights spoke in good Zummerset—"verns" for "ferns." At the base of a pillar is a ring, perhaps formerly attached to a bell in the tower and rung as the Sanctus bell.

William de Falaise gave the church for the sake of his soul and that of Geva, his wife, to the Benedictines of Lourlay, in Normandy, who built the Priory on rising ground outside the church. There is nothing left now but a round tower of great strength. The interior reveals that the lower portion was the columbary—the monks loved a dovecote. The upper storey is reached by a stone stairway, and the ancient oak bins show that it was used as a storehouse. On the suppression of alien monasteries, the lands were given by Henry VI. to Eton College, and for nearly two centuries the Society of Merchant Venturers have leased them from the College, and so it happens in these September days that Bristol sportsmen bring a little life into the old-world village when they come for sport among the partridges.

When a De Courcy inherited after Falaise he built the Castle a short distance away. There is not much left, traces of bridges, crumbling ivy-clad walls, and a cottage built between two towers, and within the walls a potato garden.

These old Somersetshire knights were a fighting race, and around the name of one Sir John de Courcy, living

and fighting in four successive reigns, there linger memories of daring deeds. He fought for Queen Maud in Stephen's reign, and for Henry II. suppressed Ulster and governed Ireland. There he remained through the reign of Richard I., and when King John succeeded, proclaimed Arthur King of England and Lord of Ireland. Sir John was a good Churchman, and while clad in white robes of penitence in the graveyard of the Cathedral of Donne was treacherously attacked by servants of the King and taken prisoner, but not before he had slain thirteen of his antagonists with "nought in his hand but the pole of a cross which he bore." The Tower received the prisoner. Soon after this Philip of France declared that John had forfeited Normandy by the murder of Prince Arthur, but a dispute arose about certain castles which John said were no part of the Duchy of Normandy. It was agreed to settle the quarrel by single combat, each King to choose a champion. Not a knight of the Court of John would undertake his cause. It was then that Queen Isabella bethought her of a mighty champion—the prisoner in the Tower. Sir John sent this reply when asked to fight for England: "Not in the King's quarrel, not for his sake, but for the kingdom's sake, will I fight to the death." Wasted by scanty prison fare, he at once set about reviving his "impayred limbs" with a generous diet. The French champion, who had been amazed at his giant-like limbs, thews and sinews, was yet more amazed with his prodigious feeding, he was a cannibal, and would finish by eating him. He slunk off to Spain to avoid the combat, and John retained his castles. John was delighted, and asked De Courcy to name his reward. The champion said he was rich enough, and only asked that his successors should remain covered in the presence of all future kings; and so it comes to pass that this right still belongs to his descendants, the Barons of Kinsale, the oldest barony in Ireland.

From the camp a delightful narrow path runs down the hill. It is bor-

dered by green walls; the oak coppice is about eight feet high, with a belt of purple heather at its base. It frames a narrow landscape of "rich and elmy fields." Then the path goes by a dark pond through the beautfiul pine wood, the rich, rugged bark gleaming in the sunlight, and the dying bracken below all golden with its departing glory. Finally it emerges through a large cluster of Spanish chestnuts near the comfortable "Castle of Comfort."

On the homeward walk across the moor there was vivid light and wonderful colour. Where the moor was fired last year the whortleberry is upspringing, and a more delightful moorland carpet it is hardly possible to imagine. Running up the stems are the young leaves, some green tinged with gold, others of a brilliant red. Get a slope of the moor with the sun behind you, and the rays so intensify the colour that the masses in places are as brilliant as poppies, and with a background of purple heather and golden gorse scattered in patches, the picture is fascinating indeed.

Across the home meadow the evening sun filled the western sky with beautiful colour. Crimson cloudlets were dotted over the pale blue sky, bringing sweet peace to many farmers in this district, who have barley lying on the uplands and fields not yet harvested in the vale. There will be fewer anxious hearts in the pews of our Parish Church on Sunday by reason of the delightful promise of this sweet evening light.

A Humble Santa Claus

By Helen Clark Balmer

IT WAS only a stubby branch from one of a group of Christmas trees, which stood outside a butcher's shop, but to little Jim it might have been as stately a pine as any of them that were destined to bear such wonderful fruit! It rather added to the charm of possession that he had secretly torn it from the parent-bough, for Jim was a gamin who habitually broke the tenth and the eighth Commandments together. But this time there was an unselfish reason for risking detection and probable punishment, because his baby sister would have no Christmas-tree unless he provided one. Their mother could barely give them bread and potatoes.

Jim's resources for making money were limited, but he always had his wits and his hands. Besides, when he did earn a few cents, he was sure to lose them, for pockets full of holes are not safe depositories, and a cap-lining is equally uncertain, since a cap can be easily jerked into the mud, and have all its wealth of pennies pass into other hands. Therefore, Jim's way was to spend quickly all that he earned; and on this late December afternoon he had not an available copper.

At the Mission Sunday School, on last Christmas, he had seen a great tree trimmed with strings of pop-corn and cranberries, gilded balls and dozens of colored candles. But little Mollie would never learn to walk, and he now determined to bring Christmas home to her. The spicy odor of the fresh evergreens was becoming to his sense of holiday necessities as the smell of a well-cooked dinner to his longing appetite, and it was merely a matter of ways and means how to procure a real tree and something to put on it. No one saw the theft, for the pine trembled and seemingly drooped its branches as if to conceal the unsightly gash in its side.

When Jim had hidden the bit of green under an empty barrel, he looked about for suitable trimmings. Through the frosted window he caught glimpses of tempting fruits and vegetables. Jim did not know the names or the flavors of many of them, but they all looked "tasty" to the hungry boy; and his mouth began to water at sight of familiar oranges and bananas, so that his fingers groped absently about his baggy pockets, which seemed somehow strangely accustomed to those succulent dainties.

As I have intimated, Jim's wits were in partnership with two nimble hands, and the next time the shop door opened he walked in to get a better view of the Christmas market. For some time he stood watching the stream of holiday purchasers ordering fowl, vegetables, fruit and groceries in such quantities as almost to cause the old cap to rise from his astonished brow. As no one noticed the small intruder, he cautiously moved nearer to the boxes and barrels which contained the special objects of his covetous search. His face now became quite expressionless, while his thin hands began a curious outward motion, as if they were attached to the arms by rubber bands that could be quickly lengthened or shortened in the region of his trousers' pockets. He remembered that only the largest oranges and apples could be safely secreted thus (on account of the propensity of smaller objects to slip through the holes) and it required care to manipulate the fruit successfully. Some peppermint canes were hanging among the holly wreaths across the big window, and chance favored Jim, for a hurrying clerk carelessly knocked several upon the floor, breaking the brittle candy into many pieces. No one cared that he picked them out of the sawdust, nor were a few handfuls of cranberries or nuts missed from their respective boxes. By this time, the bosom of Jim's dirty cotton shirt began to look alarmingly inflated.

In the street again to snatch his pine branch from its hiding-place; but what a different boy it was, scudding over the snowy pavement down an alley, up a back street, around another turn into a teeming thoroughfare, dodging cars, carts and horses, along a dark ill-lighted by-street of the slums!

Jim cautiously opened a door and peered into the darkened spaces of a room. "It's me, Mollie. Sure, Oi's got somethin' fur ye." A soft, sibilant breathing came from the direction of the bed. He felt his way towards the stove, whose friendly eyes gleamed cheerily in the gloom.

"Mollie!" he whispered. No answer.

"Sure, Oi'll trim me Christmas-tree and shurprise her." Then his quick fingers began their labor of love. Propping the branch between sticks of wood, he arranged the apples and oranges at its base. It took but a moment to tie some of the largest bits of candy to the tiny tree, but the cranberries puzzled him. Mother was not due for an hour, and Mollie might awaken before her return. Across the hall lived Mrs. Flinn, and Jim's necessity might appeal to her motherly heart. He was gone scarcely ten minutes, bringing back a gorgeous necklace of the ruddy berries to crown the green bough right royally.

A slow, tired step sounded on the stairs, and their mother came in upon a scene to lighten a heavier heart than hers. Mollie sat with tightly clasped hands gazing at the poor little pretense of Christmas joy, and Jim—Jim had forgotten that he was a thief.

OLD CÆSAR'S CHRISTMAS

by W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

THERE'S only three real ropes in a circus."

The words drifted along in his wake as the boss canvasman passed us in scornful conversation with a press agent. The old circus man looked after them a moment.

"An' you're one of 'em," said he, " an' I guess that literary flam thinks he's a second, an' the Old Man's number three. Mph ! The business has gone to the dawgs."

" I never hear them words," said he, but what it brings back the Christmas party where Cæsar changed his tastes.

" It was in the halicon days, as the poet says, when a show was a show, an' the only artist that had anything to do with it was the poster artist—not these hauty-cool equestrians an' equestrianesses an' other baby acts like that, but big poster work an' rare animiles an' a clown that could sing an' had a quick come-back — an' genyooine freaksanacher. Where's the work now like Matt Morgan useta get up, or the printn that Sears useta git out, or John Jeffrey ? An' how many o' these union teamsters an' strong-arm men I got under me in the paste brigade could make good on a kittle o' starch paste if I ast 'em to ? The hoops fell off the business when Mr. Barnum died, an' the staves is scattered all over the face o' the yearth. The's nawthin' left but the smell of the animile cages an' the sawdust, an' *that's* gittin' spoiled with tan-bark an' other voilations o' the pure food law. If I was to tap on a guy-rope near the canvas-eye this minit, how many of the hands do you think would come a-runnin' ? I betcha more'n halfa them never even heard the 'hey reub.'

" But I was speakin' of the Christmas time when Cæsar broke out. I'll tell you, son.

" When the show goes into winter quarters, most of the people goes to their own homes, an' it would bung yer eyes to see how many of 'em thinks they're farmers, an' has little places in the country where the neighbors don't know they're in the profession at all. But some goes into the vo-devil circuits to make a dollar an' keep in practice, an' some lives in the town where the show stays. That's nearly always some town that 's pure jay from April till November, but good s'iety the resta the time—an' the villagers an' peasants mixes up with us, jest as though they was jest as good as we are. Say !

" If you was to drift into one o' these places in the summer time, you'd be likely to throw a fit of willies unless you'd bin on the sprinklin' cart a while. A emu in one front yard peckin' across the fence at a young camel in the next might upset any

"THE MONKEY GRABBED A MUG O' HARD CIDER AN' INSIDA FIVE MINUTES HE WAS TRYIN' TO DO A EQUESTRIAN ACT ON OLD CAESAR'S MANE"

outsider if he didn't know the kinduva town he was in. The's always some sickly cub or other young creacher born in captivity during the winter, an' if it don't git well enough to be sold to a dealer or ain't wanted on the road, someone in the village gits a chance to buy it, or maybe adopt it.

" It was a real nice villager 'at got Cæsar. Cæsar was a baby lion, no good from the minit he was born. The old Nubian that was his father was in the next cage, an' got to roarin' to eat him alive then an' there, an' his mother was so disgusted she nearly smothered him before the keeper got him out. This villager's wife heard the rumpus an' begged fer him. Poor little Cæsar was blind, of course, and her sympthies was all het up about him. She said, she was a sumpn-or-other practitioner, an' she could give him mental treatment an' fetch him acrost to perfect health an' sight, an' to make a long story short, as the feller says, she got him. A little more'n a week afterwards she came a-cacklin'. Said she'd give him this think dope fer his eyes, until he could see jest as well as any of us. Say !

" She had a nice house painted white, with green blinds, an' a big yard, an' they had rep carpets an' plush furnicher an' a crayon picture in the settin' room of her husband, wearin' a Oriental costume with a cross hung round his neck an' a smile on his map that looked so foolish I got stuck on it. He was the grand panjandrum in some kinduva secret lodge they had in the town. Daytimes he was a carpenter.

"But they was awful friendly with all us professionals, an' never did seem to realize that they didn't belong nor never couldn't. Had two little girls, with ringlets like a head-dress of weeny-wursts, an' one of 'em useta play on the square piano while the other one sung so bad that if their mother couldn't bake such good pies youda throwed a plush chair at 'em an' broke fer liberty. It was one o' these houses where they say 'let me take your hat' when you come in. What ?

"Along one Christmas time four or five years afterwards, the' was quite a few of the people stayed with the show, an' this lady vet. that had thunk Cæsar's eyes into commission invited all of us that could come to a party an' a tree on Christmas Eve. They had to piece out the extension table by bringin' in one from the kitchen, an' the husband knocked a stand together fer

the other end, and of all the eats yever heard of, we had the biggest an' the most satisfyin'.

"The' was roast goose, an' stuffed turkey, an' sassiges, an' a little pig smothered in onions, an' mince pies, an' doughnuts, an' cider, an' cawfee, an' frost cake, an' baked apples, an' hickory nuts, an' walnuts, an' home-made currant wine, an' hawt biscuits with fresh butter, an' thick steak with its own gravy, an' raisins, an' oranges, an' lemonade, an' lady-fingers, an' salted almonds, an' celery, an' ice-cream, an' floatn Ireland, an' jell, an' preserves, an' sweet pickles, an' candy, an' popcorn, an' baked p'tatas, sweet *an'* Irish, an' artichokes, an' cold slaw, an' peaches done in sweet licker with cloves stuck in 'em, an' rolypoly pudn, an' cheese, an' a plum pudn, an' soup so thick a spoon would stand up in it, an'—Say !

"I et so much I thought I'd bust, an' the lady filled my plate up till I thought I'd never be able to eat again. I could feel the mince pie oozin' outa my ears, an' when she wanted me to hand my plate back fer some more of everything, an' I *had* to beg off, she looked kinda hurt, and she says, says she.

"'Bill, the's one of two things. Eether you et jest before you come in, or else you don't like our vittles.'

"And I had to say, 'O, no, mam,' an' take another helpin'. What I'd have done if Danny Grogan hadn't begun to sing jest then, I'm sure I don't know. He'd et some o' the goose, an' some o' the turkey, an' all o' the pig, an' a good deal of all the rest the' was, an' topped off with some baked apples, an' I guess he musta lapped up a gallon o' hard cider. Danny was a candy-butcher, an' wintered with the show because he didn't have no other place to go to.

"The two little girls and their maw was waitin' on table, an' runnin' back an' forth to the kitchen, an' bringin' things in, an' takin' the dishes out an' sousin' them, an' bringin' 'em back, an' eatin' all the while, an' everybody was talkin' till we all got so full of eats an' good feelin' that our faces got shiny an' we was laffin' at nawthin' an' enjoyin' ourselves acrost the limit.

"The' was a lot of neighbors in, an' some of 'em had brought their pets along, that they'd got from the animile quarters like I've told you.

"One o' these was a armadillo, an' jest when Danny Grogan sung 'Rollin' down to Rio,' this here armor plated thing done a waltz. We thought he was tryin' to show off until we found he'd tried to flirt with a little tame

"'SO PERISH TEMP'RUNCE!' SAYS HE. 'GIMME A JUGGA RUM!'"

"I GUESS," SAYS HE, MOURNFUL LIKE, "I GUESS CAESAR HAS QUIT BEIN' A VEGETARIAN"

porkypine that belonged to a boy from next door that was there with his paw an' maw, an' the porkypine had took his pen in hand an' addressed a few lines to mister armadillo's mouth. A monkey that another neighbor had brung took advantage of the diversion to grab a mug o' hard cider an' insida five minits he was climbin' the window curtains an' fallin' off again till finally he fell into old Cæsar's mane an' tried to do a equestrian act, runnin' him round the room. I got 'em separated an' give the monkey a good slappin', an' then I wanted to comfort old Cæsar with slippin' him sumpn offn my plate, but the lady o' the house wouldn't have it.

" ' Don't give him no meat ! ' she says, quick. ' He's bin brought up on vegetables an' milk exclusive,' says she, ' an' he ain't never so much as tasted meat of any kind. 'Tain't good fer him,' she says. ' It would spile his temper.'

"An' Cæsar he jest blinked, an' went over in a corner an' lapped a bowla milk, never mindin' when the armadillo an' the monkey an' the porkypine an' a young eagle an' a bear cub an' the house cat dipped in on it. He did swipe the bear cub once, an' the eagle an' the cat had a squawkin' scrap fer a few seconds, but nobody minded. It was Christmas Eve, an' we didn't begrudge the dumb creachers their share of enjoyment.

"After Cæsar had passed the cawmpliments of the season to the bear cub, he went over in a corner an' set down with his paws in fronta him an' looked at the big kerosene lamp that was hangin' from the middla the celin', till he got sleepy, like lions always does. Hypnotize themselves, I guess, same as you would if you looked long enough at anything bright. Ever notice 'em lookin' at an arc light in the animile tent when the show is on, an' never mindin' the people ?

" Danny Grogan has gone after more of the cider while we're busy with the pets, an' now he lets out in a loud voice:

" ' The's only three ropes in a circus,' says he.

" That starts somethin' new. The neighbors all piles into us to tell our circus experiences, an' the's a general gab-fest fer five minits, till the lady of the house speaks up an' says:

" ' Wait till we light the tree,' she says, ' an' after the presents we'll all have sumpn to eat, an' then we'll tell stories or have games.'

" The tree was the regular kind, all strung over with tinsel twine, an' popcorn ropes, an' gilded balls, an' things, an' they made me be Santa

Claus. I done it with a Salvation Army rig an' a deep voice, speakin' like a Dutchman to make it reel fer the children that was brought in from the other houses, an' some from the quarters that belonged to the organization an' was pritty fly—smart enough to put it all over the jay kids in swappin' after the presents was distributed an' before they was took home. Mosta them went home squawlin' an' kickin', too, an' I don't blame 'em. Kids don't git no fair show. Nor grown-up folks don't, neether, come to think of it. This is a hard world. My present was a hymn book.

" Well, anyhow. After the table had bin red up an' we'd settled down to cawfee, an' cider, an' nuts, an' cake, an' things, they come after some of us professionals again to tell about our old-time Exmusses in foreign parts. I led off by an accounta the Ban-yan tree of Noo Zealand. I was reminded of it because that thing happened at a Exmuss, the time I was over there collectin' curiosities for the Old Man, an' the Ban-yan tree is the only kinduv Christmas tree they has in that strange an' barbarous land.

" You know, Noo Zealand being on the other sida the yearth, the seasons is the opposite of what they is on this side, an' insteada nice, comfortable snow an' sleigh-bells, it's hawt—hawter'n Noorleens an' twice as sunshiny as Calgary. The rajah of the town where I happened to be was a dissolute old rake, fonda playin' poker and a fierce booze-fighter. Spent most of his time lyin' in bed an' roarin' fer rum. He was as shy on religion as a guinea-pig, but he had plenty o' morals, only they was all bad. Fer all that, he played up to the local clergy, an' made his subjects go to church regular—it was politics with him, fer the native clergy had the pull with the voters, and he knew which side his bread was buttered on. They make more fuss about Christmas than we do, an' every village has its one big Christmas tree fer all.

" This here Ban-yan tree is the only flesh-eater in the vegetable kingdom. It has enormous flowers shaped like a lily, but with spikes inside, an' a tube fer a stem, that has a suction action an' performs the duty of a throat. The insida the trunk is hollow, an' digests an' assimulates the food supplied to it by the flowers. These flowers will watch out fer a unwary native, or even a cow or a warthawg, an' when approached too close they will swing down on the unfortunate bein' an' soak him in.

" The rajah had it in fer a temprunce advocate that was havin' a good deal to say around there about rulers that didn't know in the mornin' what they'd done the night before, an' about the time the natives was dodgin' in under the swingin', bloodthirsty flowers to grab off their Christmas presents that the high shurruff had hung there after gluttin' the tree to sleep with raw beef, out comes the rajah, soused to the gills, an' goes up against this temprunce man.

" ' I'm goin' to show you what I'm goin' to do to you,' says he, ' fer what you said about me,' he says. ' I'm goin' to take you apart like a boy does with a watch,' he says, ' but I ain't goin' to put you together again,' says he. ' You're goin' to be a set o' Christmas tree decorations,' says he.

"An' with that he gives the high sign to soma his murmy-dons, an' they're makin' fer this temprunce guy, when I butts in, strong, an' tells him he can't do that while I'm there.

" ' Can that line o' talk, Bill,' says he to me. ' I'm the hull house o' lords here,' he says. ' You're all right, Bill,' says he, ' an' I'm your friend, but you can't come insida my gate an' play 'at you're my boss.'

"An' when I makes a pass at him, a dozen of his men lassoos me from behind, an' throws me. An' he jest picks up that cold-water bloke an' throws him into the blood-red foliage of that awful tree, an' I seen him slowly disappear, shriekin', all tangled in a writhin' mass o' flowers.

" The rajah cocks his coronet over his right eye, an' says he, laughin' fiendish, ' So perish temprunce ! Gimme a jugga rum ! Merry Exmuss to all. Good night, Bill,' says he, an' exits.

" I got a deadly cobra in my col-

lection, with a sting in his tail that's sure death to whatever it sticks into. An' when they loosens me I goes to the crate it's in an' catchin' that pizen serpent backa the head I gives it a swing an' slings it straight at the trunk of that tree. The stinger strikes it, bing! An' in a minit that tree begins to swell an' turn a sickly green, an' then it busts wide open with a explosion that sounds like 'splush!' an' out rolls the temprunce crank, sickern a dawg, but still alive, though he's lost half his vital fluid, an' was drawd out thin as a rope.

"When I gits this far, Danny comes to from his cider swoon, jest in time to hear the word 'rope.'

"'The's only three ropes in a circus,' says he. 'Oh, my, but I'm sick!'

"I told him no wonder he was, seein' what he'd et an' drunk. An' when he said he hadn't et much nor drunk nawthin', I reescited his billa fare to him, from roast pig through goose an' mince pie an' the hull of it, down to cider an' baked apples.

"'Did I eat a baked apple?' says he, surprised.

"'Six of 'em,' says I.

"'I'm a fool,' says he. 'I mighta known. Baked apple is pizen to me.'

"But he quiets down, an' then one of our people tells about a experience he had wunst in India. He was a dwarf, with the chest and beard of a full grown man, but no legs—only feet. An' a smart man, too, always lightin' on them feet o' his, no matter when or where he might be throwed up in the air. This time he tells about is wunst when he was stranded in India. This country of India is identical with the land of Gopher mentioned in Holy Writ as aboundin' in gold and ivory an' precious stones while the Queen of Sheba lived, but all these valuables has bin absorbed by the princes, same as our graspin' corporations, so't the inhabitants is stony broke an' lives on roopees an' rice. He has to git home somehow, an' it bein' the Mahummedin Christmas an' all them starvin' millions out fer a good time, he grabs onto a movin' picture outfit that was countin' ties between stands an' not able to put up fer hall rent, an' he talks a carload o' bamboo poles outuva contractor, an' makes a enclosure in a vacant lot on the outskurts, an' hangs up the county paper fer a thousand hand-bills announcin' a open-air theatre, admission one rupee or lac of rice, ladies half price. An' at night the place is jam full. But the minit the film begins to run, them ignorant, sooperstitious natives thinks it's some kinda spook work, an' up they starts from their hams, like one indivijul, an' lets out one screech all together, an' breaks outa that quicker'n a rabbit shakes its tail, takin' the bamboo theatre with 'em. The show's over, but he cashes in the gate-truck, an' gits home.

"The dwarf ain't more'n got on shipboard in his exaggerated story, when Danny says, kinda weak:

"'What day is this? Where am I?'

"That terminates the festivities. It takes three or four of us to get Danny over to the quarters, him a-groanin' all the way, an' tellin' what he thinks of himself fer eatin' a baked apple, but finally we land him in bed, an' gets the veterinary to fix him up a dose o' hawt water an' mustard. All he knows about it is, it's a drink, an' he goes to it, wishin' the doc a merry Christmas, an' we makes quick exit, leavin' them alone, as he tips that stuff into himself.

"We ain't had time to git to bed when the's a sounda seven troubles over where we come from, an' we all tumbles out again an' beats it over there.

"The's the biggest kind of excitement in the house. A window is gone outa one side o' the dinin' room, the Christmas tree is scattered every which way, an' the table an' furniture is all mixed up. An' there in the middla the floor is old Cæsar, lashin' his tail, with a big patch o' cloth hangin' out of his mouth. The grand panjandrum is holdin' up a lamp, with his fambly hangin' onto him, an' the neighbors standin' against the wall an' crowdin' in the doorway.

"'What is it?' I asks.

"'A tramp, I guess,' says the pan-

jandrum. ' Or maybe a burglar. Anyway,' says he, ' somebody broke into the house when the lights was put out here, an' we hadn't gone to bed yet, but the' was the most hair-raisin' noise all at wunst, a man yowlin' an' Cæsar roarin' like Niagara Falls, an' then the window crashed, an' we come tumblin' down an' found Cæsar like you see him now, all alone.'

"An' he goes over an' takes the cloth outa Cæsar's mouth an' looks at it.

" ' It's a piece of a suita clothes,' he says, ' but not outa the coat. An',' says he, ' the's red spots on it—fresh,' he says.

" ' I guess,' says he, mournful like, ' I guess Cæsar has quit bein' a vegetarian. Christmas Eve, too. I'm sorry. Guess I'll rope him,' he says.

" So we goes back to quarters, an' as we're goin' past Danny's door, we hears excited voices. Danny, he's tellin' someone to git away from there. ' How dast you come into a sick man's room with your clothes all tore, without knockin' ? ' he says.

"An' then comes a voice we know. It was a new roustabout that hadn't bin invited to the party an' had let on he'd show 'em he was jest as good as any other man—an' I guess he thought he was a little better, because he was worse.

" ' I tell you, doc,' he was sayin', ' it's a outrage. They got some new kinduva watch-dawg over there,' he says, ' an' when I'm jest goin' past an' doin' no harm, he comes out at me like a runaway grizzly, an' tears me clothes off. He wownded me, I tell ye ! ' says he. ' I'm all wownded behind,' says he. ' I gotta have treatment,' he says.

" ' Go on to your bunk,' says the doc. ' Don't be comin' here makin' a roar like that, when Danny's sick.'

" ' What was that roarin' ? ' says Danny. ' I know it was a lion.'

" ' You're havin' a bad dream, Danny,' says the doc.

" ' I am,' says Danny. ' I am. The's only three ropes in a circus,' he says, ' an' I'm no better'n a hank of oakum. I know I heard a lion,' says he. 'An' it's Christmas at that.'

" It took most of us a week to get over that Christmas celebration, an' it cost the wownded man his job, but that wa'n't nawthin' to what it cost Cæsar. He had tasted blood, an' you couldn't git him within three feet of a milk-pan from that on. Wanted the reel stuff—man, beast or bird—an' when he stalked a tame ostrich one day an' come home with plumes sproutn out of his whiskers, I was sent fer, an' we took him back into the show. Got him there now. Come on an' I'll show him to ye."

The King's Wish

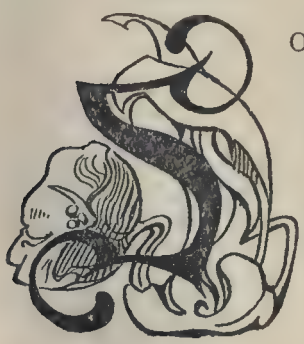
By C. G. Marquis

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

José, a Spanish gipsy lad, is sold to Mother Fedora as a sheep-herder. He hears that the King has promised a great reward to any one who will bring him a new pleasure, and while he is dreaming about securing it, he falls asleep and loses the flock. Not daring to return home, he wanders through the woods, and meets an old man who has kept the Harp of the Sun in a secluded cave for a thousand years, and has drawn José to his retreat in order to give him custody of the Harp, on condition that he shall have no earthly love, or any thought but for the Harp while he lives. José, enthralled by the music, consents, and the old man tells him that he is destined to bring the new pleasure to the King. He goes away carrying the magic Harp, and meets a wolf crouched in the forest path, ready to spring. The magic Harp saves José from harm, makes Mother Fedora young again, and guides José to the capital. It wins Lara, a brawny guardsman, to swear himself to José's service, and makes the entire population of the city fall at José's feet as he stands on the sacred King's stone, and plays. José goes to the Governor's house, under his protection, and his music arouses the envy of the Governor's eldest son, who determines to steal the Harp while José sleeps and play it before the King. In the meantime, enemies of the Governor have ridden posthaste to the King with news of the Governor's treason in permitting José to stand on the sacred stone. The King instantly summons the Governor and José to appear before him and immediately they depart for the royal castle, and are ushered into his presence. The harp vindicates the Governor and wins the royal household. The King makes José his heir apparent, at the desire of the people. José studies to fit himself for his high position, and becomes a prince indeed, loved by all. One day the Queen tells him of her only daughter who in childhood suffered sunstroke, and has ever since been violently insane. José cures her by virtue of the Harp, and at the King's command is betrothed to her. At the wedding feast he is persuaded to play the Harp of the Sun after nightfall, thus breaking his trust. The walls of the palace fall in, and José and the Harp vanish.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUDED.



SOME weeks after the mysterious destruction of the Prince's palace, a young woman, bare-headed and bare-footed, but with a healthy country beauty, was doing a sad duty in the little plot of ground back of Fedora's cottage. On the day when the awful storm which had burst upon the palace swept up from the sea and over the hills, Mother Fedora, who had outlived her neighbor Juanita by many years, was suddenly smitten down. Alone in her hut she awaited death; but she was not to be left alone, for into her rude home limped a foot-sore woman, worn out and starving. This poor woman had come over the far hills and was a homeless wanderer. Though one of the hated gypsies, she was welcome to Fedora at such a time, and gladly did she obey the old shepherdess's feeble commands.

Her name was Zora; she had been Ismael's playmate on the hills, but the last of her people had been slain, and she was going down to the great White City, where it was said her race was ever welcome. The Prince who now

ruled was of her tribe, so she had heard, and he ever helped those of his own blood who came to him for protection. She was glad, however, of the warmth and comfort of the hut. and stayed with Fedora to wait upon her and to tend her flock.

The hut was now a very lonely one ; the other dwellers on the mountain side had moved away, or had been taken by death, and for miles about there was no human habitation. It was, therefore, some days before a passer-by brought them word of the strange calamity that had befallen the great Prince. Fedora mourned because there was now no hope for her recovery ; the harp that had given her strength was gone, and she must soon die ; and Zora wept because she had dreamt that in the vast city she might be able to find little Ismael ; if not, she could at least see the wonderful Prince, and, perhaps, hear his miracle-working music ; but the news the traveller brought shattered her hopes, and she determined to stay with Fedora even after her recovery. She tried to find out from the old woman something about the little musician who had restored strength to her withered body, but Fedora's memory had failed her, and she did not even remember his name or the name she had given him. All she knew was that he had gone to the city, become a prince and forgotten her. Even this much information she gave with so many wild and wandering words that Zora thought her mad and paid no heed to her tale.

Fedora had not long to live, and one blustery day when Zora, through the driving rain, brought back the flock to the fold, she found that the old woman, who seemed stronger than usual when she went out, was cold in death. Zora was a strong young woman, and had seen much of death, and had helped in many a rude burial, so with her own hands she wrapped the body in a rough shroud, scooped out a shallow grave beside the one in which little Roderigo was buried, and laid the good, gruff old Fedora to rest. When she returned to the hut after her sad task she was somewhat terrified at finding lying across the threshold a ragged, unkempt tramp, one of the wrecks of her own people. But she was a brave woman, and bending over the fallen man, she saw he was flushed and feverish ; she saw, too, how thin he was, and knew that he must be starving. She picked him up in her strong arms and carried him to the rude bed on which the old woman had so lately lain. As she placed him gently upon it, she was startled by hearing the name " Zora " breathed as from one in a dream. She looked anxiously into the hot, thin but finely cut face of the sick man, and then with a strange impulse she cried, " Ismael."

" Zora," was breathed back to her. No other word did he speak. For days, for weeks, he lay as one in a trance ; and during these weeks the sheep were sadly neglected. At length his eyes opened, opened with wonder at the gentle eyes that were looking into his own.

" Where am I ? " he said.

" In Fedora's cottage, and I am Zora."

" Zora ? " he said, as though trying to recall the name.

" Zora," he repeated, " with whom I played before they sold me yesterday ? "

" Yesterday, Ismael ! It was years ago."

" Years ago ? Where have I been ? Where have I been ? I was sold yesterday, it seems to me, for two sheep. Where have I been since yesterday ? '

" Years and years ago, I heard, Ismael, that you had been sold, but more I know not. We were little children then, but some weeks ago I found you, a grown man, in rags, and sick, I thought unto death, at the hut door. You lived, that is enough ; let us not try to call up the past."

But Ismael did try, but try as he would, he could not account for the years between his childhood and manhood. The last thing he remembered was the good supper the gruff old woman who had just bought him had spread before him ; and then the comfort he felt in falling quietly to sleep in the warm hut. Nothing more could he

recall. However, he rapidly grew strong, and soon he was able to go into the mountain pastures and watch the sheep, while Zora worked with busy hands in the garden and the hut.

One day word came to them that, in the city to which their eyes were ever turned, a holiday had been decreed in honor of the completion of a great statue of the musician prince, who had so mysteriously disappeared ; and so they determined to leave their bleating flock in the fold and go with the crowd of people that were hurrying along all the roads leading to the city. They had another object in view in taking this journey. The liking they had for each other as children had now become love ; and they thought this a good time to visit one of the many holy fathers in the White City and be made man and wife.

So Ismael swung the fattest lamb of his flock across his strong back, and Zora hung from her shoulder several skins of Fedora's rich old wine ; and with these presents for the priest set off down the dusty road that led to the green valley. As they approached the strong walls and towers, and saw the soldiers lining the ramparts, and heard bugle answer bugle, and the clanking of the great drawbridge that on this day was continually rising and falling to admit a crowd of sight-seers, they were not a little alarmed. As Ismael gazed upon these things and heard the sounds of the city, a dim recollection awoke within him. Somewhere he had seen such things before ; perhaps it was only in a dream, he thought, or perhaps it was only the recollection of the stories he had heard while sitting round the camp-fires of his tribe in the long, long years before he crossed the mountains. They felt much safer when within the city ; the crowd seemed to shelter them, and they moved about anxiously looking for a priest, but too timid to ask where one might be found.

They were not long in discovering one. A jolly, fat-faced little man, clad in a long white robe, with rough sandals on his feet, and his uncovered head, bald as an apple, shining in the sunlight, seemed to read their wishes and merrily spoke to them.

" Well, my children," he said, " if you are to be married to-day we will have to make haste about it, as there will be no time for such things when the Queen and Princess reach the city ; and, hark ! there is the trumpet telling of their approach."

How did he know what they wanted, they both wondered, but they were not long in letting him know their wish, and showing him their humble gifts. He led them to his little church, and, in a few simple words, made them one, and with more kindly words gladdened their hearts. Then he took them to his cell, as he called it, but in reality it was a cosy comfortable chamber, and spread before them a feast, worth, they thought, far more than their lamb and their wine. While they ate, he told them of the Prince and his wonderful gifts, of the miracles he had wrought, and of the sad fate of the Princess, who with the Queen now ruled, and ruled well, the kingdom.

While he spoke, Ismael's eyes became dreamy with thought. His mind was wandering far back into the past, and the tale that he heard did not seem new to him. Somewhere he had heard of the Prince and the Princess, of the harp and its miracles. But where ? Think as he would, he could not tell where. It must surely have been in his boyhood dreams when he played with Zora at King and Queen. He was wakened from his thoughts by the ringing peal of a mighty trumpet.

" The Queen and Princess have entered the city," cried the father. " Let us hasten, or we will not be able to get near them for the crowd."

So out into the street they went, Zora leaning lovingly on Ismael's arm, and wearing on her breast the pure white flowers the father had given her according to the custom at marriages in those days.

The city was now alive with people in holiday dress, each one making every effort to get a good position from which to see the royal pageant pass. At length the guards sent ahead to clear the road for the royal car came in sight.

WITH THESE PRESENTS FOR THE PRIEST, ISMAEL AND ZORA SET OFF DOWN THE DUSTY ROAD

Leading them was the giant Lara, straight and tall, and splendid in complete armor.

"Look, look!" cried the father, "there is the finest soldier in the kingdom. It was he who guarded the Prince when he first came to the city. What legs he has! and what a chest!"

Zora was clinging tremblingly to her husband's arm. She feared the great soldier and his gleaming sword, tall as an ordinary man. She feared him still more when he roared out a greeting to the priest.

"Ho, Father Pedro, at your old tricks! tying knots even on a holiday! Well, well, the wench is a fair one. Ho, ho, afraid of me; a kiss for that!"

He threw back his visor; and Zora, dumb with fright, felt his great, rough, kindly face pressed to hers.

"Here, lass," he said, taking from his pouch a golden chain, "here is a marriage gift for you. By Our Lady, if this lout had not been before me, and I am ever late, I would have wedded thee myself."

He pressed the chain into her trembling hand, laughed a great gruff laugh, clinked his visor shut, and advanced towards the square where the statue had been erected.

Ismael was as one in a trance; somewhere surely in the past he had heard that voice; and he tried to recall the life he must have lived during the long years since the day he was sold for two sheep and the day on

which Zora found him lying at the hut door, but it was all a blank. Still the towering form of Lara and his thundering voice remained in his mind as familiar things.

At last the royal car with the Queen and Princess rolled by, and in its wake was an army of soldiers. The citizens pressed eagerly after it, and in this crowd Father Pedro and Zora and Ismael found themselves borne along. When the square where the statue was had been reached, the father managed to get a good position near the Queen and Princess, where he could not only see the statue to advantage, but could even hear the words of the Queen as she addressed the multitude which assembled before her.

To Ismael the crowd seemed familiar. That splendid figure, too, with the golden harp in its hands, he seemed to have known ; and both he and Pedro were startled by hearing Zora say, " How like the statue is to thee, my Prince " ; and she laughed as she said it and pressed his hand affectionately, thinking how much happier she was than the beautiful Princess, who had naught but a marble image to love.

Another one present had noticed a resemblance between Ismael and the artist's reproduction of the Prince. The Princess, who had been sweeping her eye over the crowd and thinking of José, had seen it, and beckoning to Pedro, bade him bring the newly-wedded couple to her. She gazed long into Ismael's face, and he returned her gaze, wondering where he had seen her before. Then she sighed deeply, and pressing a purse into Zora's hand, bade them be happy.

It was a long, weary day for Ismael and Zora, but at last it was over ; and in the cool of the evening, footsore and happy and rich, they toiled up the hill-slopes to their little hut—their home. When they went with a torch to the sheep-fold to see to their flock, they saw that the door was broken and that the ground about it was sprinkled with blood and wool.

" The wolf, the wolf ! " cried Zora, in alarm, " he has been here in our absence—the wolf that Fedora ever talked about, ever dreaded."

Into the sheep-fold Ismael rushed, but the wolf was not there, and in the farthest corner the sheep were huddled together in a trembling mass. Only one had been taken ; the fattest one, it was true ; but Lara's chain and the Princess's purse made them forget their loss.

After this, however, when Ismael went to the hill pasture with his sheep, he kept a careful eye for the wolf ; and always set out armed with the great knife that he found hanging on the wall of the hut. But the wolf did not return for many days, and Ismael became less watchful ; and he would lie in the sunlight and make rude whistles, on which he tried to play to his flock after the manner of shepherds, but could only produce a harsh and discordant noise that greatly amused Zora. Poor Ismael, he longed to sing and to play ; and he had dreams that once he could play and sing ; but when and where ? It must have been in the lost years of his life. But no : he had then been a poor, homeless tramp, he thought, whose mind had been unhinged by the sufferings his people had undergone on their long march over the mountains. He began to dream very much as little José had dreamt so many years before, and two of his flock wandered from his sight. One he recovered, but by the edge of the dark forest he came upon the wool, blood and bones of the other.

He drove his sheep home, shut them in the fold, whetted his knife, and taking a strong bow and arrow, went out boldly in search of the robber. Into the black forest he courageously marched, tracking the wolf by the blood-stained pieces of wool that were left as the beast had dragged to its lair bits of the carcase. He at length came upon it, snarling and fierce. Then he fitted an arrow to his bow, took steady aim, and drove the weapon to its shaft in the great side of the savage beast. But the wolf was only wounded, and sprang in fury upon Ismael. He seized it by the throat

with a firm grip, swung his knife fiercely with his strong right hand, and split the head of the brute in twain, and it fell dead at his feet.

He stood a moment looking in triumph on the beast he had slain, then went to work with his sharp knife and tore the thick black skin from the body and carried it down the mountain and cast it at Zora's feet. "My Prince," she cried, "my hero!"—and he trembled as he heard her words; somewhere in the past such words had been addressed to him by other lips, but he knew not where, nor by whom. It mattered not. He was as happy as a king, without a king's care; and to him Zora was more beautiful than even the Queen or the Princess.

How happily they lived together in their humble home, and how prosperous they became! Their flock increased so much that a new fold had to be built, and either Ismael or Zora had to make frequent visits to the White City to sell what their industrious hands produced. Once a year they went together, not to sell or to buy, but to worship.

The Prince was now deemed a saint, and it grew to be the custom for people to prostrate themselves before his statue and ask his protection; and Ismael and Zora never failed to make their annual visit, and with the other pilgrims uncovered their heads and bowed in the dust before the image of the man who had made the kingdom so strong that, though he was no more in the land, it was safe from foreign invasion and from internal strife.

As the years flew by a little curly-headed lad, with a face very like the one carved in the marble, went with them. He was named José, after the good saint, and as his parents prayed for happiness and prosperity, he offered up his childish prayer for protection from wolves and bears and bad men; and he was protected by the very José of the statue, though he knew it not.

THE END.

A Woman Always

By W. Lacey Amy

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the fifth of a series of five stories dealing with the business adventures of a feminine commercial traveller on the road for a jewellery house and in direct competition with her husband, the salesman for a rival firm.*

IN common with the other wholesale jewelry houses, Flank & Miers had felt the "financial stringency" of the latter part of 1907. Jewelers were affected by the shortened reins of finance more than any other merchants. Some good old businesses had refused to be persuaded to invest on a dollar's worth of goods for the spring and summer business; all were buying sparingly, and it was with some trepidation that the outcome of the campaign for Christmas trade was viewed by the supply houses.

Some firms were cutting down expenses by employing cheaper salesmen. But the better houses had figured it out that the profit lay in the best salesmen to be had, and in the special efforts that could be made to attract business. Flank & Miers had hit upon the latter course. It was not so much their superior business acumen, but their customary reliance upon the spectacular. Following up this idea of tempting business, a letter from Miers had brought Mary D. down to Montreal to confer with her employers concerning the Christmas campaign.

Their woman traveller had kept

away from the house as much as possible of late. An uncontrollable antipathy to Miers warned her that an outbreak would take place on little additional provocation, and she was not prepared as yet to forfeit her profitable position for the satisfaction of telling him some reliable facts. Mary D. had come to appreciate fully her place in the jewelry world and in the good graces of her firm. She knew now that it was not her ability as a salesman, but the advertisement it gave her firm, that made her most valuable. To be used in this way was displeasing enough, but to feel that her abuse of her sex was for the profit of a man like Miers was disgusting her more every day.

However, the call for a conference had come at a most opportune time for her. Since Marly's return from abroad, and his rescue of her in the bridge adventure, she had felt more than ever her separation from her husband. With him on the road in the same territory, she had been sustained by the rivalry, and had always had an impetus that interested her. Since he had been promoted his trips occupied only a few weeks of the year, and his elevation itself seemed to project an obstacle. A year before, or even eight months before, Marly had been no more to her than a rival of special interest. Gradually his increasing independence and success had forced upon her the conviction that Marly was expanding and assuming a position which brought from her respect and even admiration. It was most natural that she should then feel their relationship ; and his six months' absence had given her time to think with all the freedom that presented no warning of whither her thoughts were leading her. The exciting occasion of Marly's first appearance after his return had taken almost all restraint from her altered feeling for him ; and she was glad in the belief that Marly knew it.

Mary D. had thought over the changed situation during her wearisome journeys, and had devised a scheme which made Miers' orders to visit Montreal most acceptable. Part of Miers' instructions had been to arrive on Thursday night's train and report immediately at his house. She knew that this meant that plans were to be laid without Flank's knowledge, or that everything was to be decided beforehand so that the consultation with Flank would be merely a form. These orders Mary D. ignored, going immediately to a hotel, and appearing at the office at 9.30 the next morning, at which time she knew Flank would be in his office. She had important business to perform, and she wanted it attended to from the first by the full authority of the firm.

But Miers was not to be disappointed if he could help it. Through his open office door he saw Mary D. enter the outer office, and in a moment he was bowing in front of her, his lean hands rubbing over each other in an insinuating way that made her long to pull his hair. She answered his health enquiries as cordially as she could, and disregarding his attempts to turn her towards his office, walked straight up to Flank's office on the other side, and knocked. Miers, seeing the futility of trying to secure a private interview, ambled after her, and without stopping opened the door and ushered her into the presence of the nominal head. Flank, a big, red-faced, phlegmatic creature, with a cigar almost as much a part of his face as his nose, merely pushed a bunch of letters aside and grunted a greeting, leaving Miers to bustle up a chair for their visitor. The latter immediately took charge of affairs and proceeded to business.

He explained that they had called Mary D. in to confer with them on the fall's prospects and to devise ways and means to overcome the paucity of orders which was fully expected in the jewelry business. While the little Jew dilated upon their trust in Mary D., and incidentally infused into the conversation a feeling that they expected her to make good or she would have to account to him personally, the senior member slowly puffed at his huge cigar, and Mary D. looked over Miers' head into the street, surprised at her own indifference and in her unaccountable interest in the efforts of a big dray horse to back a

cart against a warehouse entrance across the street. Miers' voice came to her only at intervals. She knew what he was saying without being conscious that the words were being spoken. An assumed playfulness in his tone warned her that he noticed her pre-occupation, and she came back to the consciousness of events to hear him ask, "Are you going to see that Flank & Miers get their share of the business ? "

" I think I have seldom lost sight of that," she answered seriously, with a note of rebuke that made Miers twist in his chair and opened one of Flank's eyes.

" Yes, Mrs. Norton," Miers responded, his hands commencing their nervous rubbing. " But this year things will be different. Mr. Flank and myself feel that we will have to make some special effort this year, and we expect our employees to do the same. We are paying you well, and do not wish to reduce your salary to meet existing conditions."

Mary D. flushed but remained silent.

" We know we've got the goods, and any failure to return the orders can only rest upon our travellers," he added, with a disagreeable smile. Mary D. always felt her anger rise when she was treated to that smile, and it was only by a supreme effort that she restrained herself.

" Western Ontario will do as well as can be expected," was all she said, but Flank's other eye opened and he missed a puff.

Miers' eyes were twinkling angrily. " Well, we expect much. We're going to help you all we can. We're going to spend a lot of money on you, and we will look for its return. You're going to have what no other jewelry traveller has, and we look to you to make good on it."

Flank opened his mouth as if to say something, but concluded to take another puff only. Mary D. said nothing, and Miers continued :

" Now, we've thought a lot of this matter, and some of our plans I can give you. It appears to us that the novelty of a female traveller may be wearing out, and we will add other features that will retain the interest for this season, anyway."

"And what after this season ? " Mary D. could not help asking, a dangerous gleam in her eyes.

" We're only disturbed about this season at present. In short, our plan is to fit you out in such a way that the Christmas trade of Flank & Miers for 1907 should eclipse any other year. What do you think of this ? We have ordered an automobile for you—a big yellow speeder with the firm name on the sides. A negro will be your chauffeur, and in addition to the excitement you create, you'll be able to make time and get around ahead of your competitors. We want you to sit to-day for your photo, and picture postcards of you will be sent ahead of you to all the jewellers. Make your dress as striking as you can for this. A set of paste jewelry is being made for you—we're a little afraid to risk good stones after your Wharton affair. Perhaps you can suggest something else."

Mary D. had been biting her lips as the full significance of Miers' plans were unfolded. When he ceased she turned suddenly to Flank, who started nervously at being brought into the conversation.

" I can tell you," she said earnestly, leaning towards the big smoker, " I can tell you what would be the biggest thing now and for all time for Flank & Miers. I know a man—a stone buyer, a man whose knowledge of values is worth thousands, one of the best salesmen on the road. I don't know whether he'll come or not, but if Flank & Miers can secure the services of Marly Norton, of Main & Co., our business would be the best and my sales the biggest. Can you find a place for Marly Norton ? " And Mary D. rose from her chair and leaned over the big form of her employer.

" Why—er—er—I ! " Flank had dropped his cigar ash over his vest in his embarrassment, and now looked helplessly at the quicker-thinking Miers, who was moving restlessly in his chair and looking for an opportunity of breaking in upon an important business suggestion in which he was ignored.

" My dear Mrs. Norton," piped the little Jew, " there's nothing we'd like better than to please you. But you see, we haven't a place for him. I do the stone buying, and we don't need a traveller. Now, let's get down to business and plan this auto scheme."

Mary D. looked at him a moment in a way that made him really fearful of personal violence, and he twitched his chair further towards the window. Then she smiled scornfully and threw at him : " Your auto scheme you can develop with some other woman freak. From now on I refuse to direct my sex to an accumulation of dollars for you, you little Jew, and to receiving for myself a salary and an undesirable notoriety. I'm sorry I brought Mr. Norton's name into any connection with such a firm. I had plans—but this miserable refugee has fortunately balked me. You heard the only condition that would keep me in your employ, and I'm glad you have refused. You have my resignation. You owe me a month's salary. Keep it ! " Without waiting for the partners to collect themselves she walked out.

* * * * * * *

Within a month the firm of the Eastern Jewelry Co. was launched, with Mary D. Norton as sole proprietor and head traveller. She had decided not to call it by her name as it would be the same initials as her husband's, and the firm name would be almost the same as that of the unfortunate original Norton firm. Starting just in time for the Christmas trade, Mary D., by her personal exertions on the road, kept the office staff so busy that thoughts of Marly were entertainable only at detached moments of the day. The new jewelry firm was a big factor in the holiday business. Cowley lost ground rapidly, and the new female traveller put on by Flank & Miers experienced all the inconvenience of automobiling, all the unenviable notoriety of negro chauffeurs and picture postcards, without the accompaniment of full order sheets. Mary D. was at her best with an excitement that made her most attractive. She had discarded the velvet waist, the checked shirt, the long, manly stride, so studiously cultivated previously as part of her advertisement. She worked harder than ever, planned more thoughtfully than ever, studied her rivals more carefully than ever—and had better results than ever. Merchants looked for her coming not as a curiosity affording the excitement of her eccentricities, her manliness, her opposition to every other jewelry salesman, but as a traveller with the goods, with the best methods of selling them, with all the womanliness of a woman, whose business was never allowed entirely to drown her sex. Some of the jewelers even attempted a flirtation, which they hastily concealed when she looked absently at them, and held her pencil ready to write.

Some of the oldest merchants soon noticed how willingly she was led into conversation about her husband ; and many a one smiled to himself as he grasped the meaning of it. Mary D. often forgot her business in her talks of Marly, only to return nervously to the practical side of life—and later in the day, after her work was done, to wander around to the store again and turn the conversation to Marly and their old-time rivalry.

Marly never came out now. Cowley was being given a free hand to prove his value, and the stone business of the house of Main & Co. had grown to such proportions as to demand the constant attention of the head of the department. Mary D. never saw him, but she heard of him often through the patrons of the firm, and when the Eastern Jewelry Co. was out of any supplies, which happened quite frequently on account of the newness of the firm, Mary D. always wrote personally to Marly, invariably adding a funny little semi-personal note on another sheet—notes which Marly read, and answered in kind after he had collected himself, addressing his letters personally to her.

The spring of 1908 saw no relief in the financial condition of the country, and Mary D. found herself facing the payment of the large short-timed bills on which no extension would be allowed to a new firm. Jewelers throughout the country were unable to pay

their accounts, and to push them meant loss of their trade without much hope of collection. To add to her troubles her staff, selected in the haste of opening up for the Christmas trade, began to take advantage of her absence from the house. Upon returning to the house one day unexpectedly she found two of the office hands attending a baseball match, and she was forced to remain a day to prepare a new lot of samples desired. Another time the manager sent her new samples with prices she knew were wrong, and a hasty trip had to be made to the house to make corrections. Then, finally, her manager fled the country with $10,000 worth of her most valuable stones, of which only a half were recovered when he was caught a week afterwards in Chicago.

The past six months had been a terrible strain, a struggle between indomitable courage and the natural results of the lack of capital and hasty company-launching. She had worked honestly and hard, but difficulties were increasing. Ahead of her lay a year of limited business prospects, and she had only her own energy to rely upon to keep above water a firm inaugurated largely upon faith. The lonely fight she was putting up against heavy odds was wearing her spirit down ; and she was tired—oh, so tired ! Her nights were sleepless, her days a terrible succession of hours of planning and working, working and planning, herself the brains and hands of the business. She was even glad of the rest the cars afforded her, and she leaned her head wearily back on the cushions as she thought and thought.

Alone she seemed in her fight. Marly was succeeding now in a masterful way, and his success seemed to force a barrier between them. The hopelessness of her struggle only predicted the widening of the gulf—the successful Marly whom she had almost discarded and herself without a bright spot to look forward to. A tear rolled down her thin cheeks, and she turned towards the window to hide an emotion whose expression was new to her. Her weakness of resistance only brought her helplessness home, and

SHE FELL ASLEEP, AND HER DREAMS WERE OF A HOME AND HAPPINESS

the tears flowed faster. And then she fell asleep, and her dreams were pleasant—of Marly, of a new home, of happiness.

With an odd feeling of great repose and lack of responsibility she awoke to look into the face of Marly opposite her, a pitying, protecting expression in his eyes that almost brought the tears afresh. She tried to speak lightly but the words would not come, and she had to turn it off with a wan smile.

Marly bit his lips, and leaning forward with an evident restraint, he asked : " What is it, Mary ? "

No answer, but a feeble attempt to brush away the traces of tears she knew must be on her cheeks.

" It's too much for you, Mary," and he moved to the seat beside her, leaning over to see her face, regardless of the other passengers.

" Give it up. It's not a woman's life. You've done as much as woman can do. You've done more for me than you can do for yourself. Four years ago I had to give it up myself." After a pause : " Mary, do you know that I left Toronto yesterday a partner in the firm of Main & Co., the oldest and steadiest jew-

elry wholesale house in Canada ?"

At the words, Mary D.'s whole face changed, and with a radiant look she put out her hand in an impulsive little movement that was all feminine and very appealing. The business woman was gone; in her stead the wife glad in her husband's success looked out of her brightened eyes.

"It's you that did it all," he continued, thrilling at the knowledge that she was glad even in her trouble. "And, Mary, my only unhappiness now comes through you. I want you, dear. Won't you give it up and let me try to make you happy again ?"

And Mary just leaned her head on his shoulder and sighed restfully.

HOW GREEN ARE THY LEAVES

BY C. E. PICKARD

THE snow lay white upon the streets,
The wind gave icy warning,
The sky was dark and overcast,
And it was Christmas morning;
And, as I briskly walked along
The sidewalk's icy coating,
There came an old familiar tune
Around the corner floating.

It was the music of a band,
Around the city straying—
One of those little German Bands,
A block away a-playing.
They played that old, old Christmas song,
(I've heard it played much better)
"O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie grun sind deine Blatter!"

I knew how hard it was to play
There in the freezing weather—
Their lips were blue, their fingers stiff,
Their shoulders drawn together.
Small wonder that the music might
Give critics ground for carping;
Some tones were flat, some sadly queer—
The clarinet was sharping.

The players numbered six or seven,
The instruments were battered,
Of every age and make and shape—
And yet it little mattered;
For many a time in lighted hall,
Each tone perfection proving,
I've heard great music, greatly played,
That was not half so moving.

I knew that in the "Fatherland"
Each player's heart was centered,
That to the old and humble home
Each soul had somehow entered,
Where, round the Tree, that selfsame song
That day was gladly ringing,
Parents and children, young and old,
Joining in merry singing.

And so, in spite of instruments,
Cold wind and numbing fingers,
They put a pathos in that tune
That in my soul still lingers,
And makes me hope each German heart,
Where'er they went, grew tender—
That every one who heard them play
Some Christmas gift might render.

Oh, Christmas tree, thy leaves are green
In snow and wintry weather!
I hope thou mayst be green for them
For many years together—
I know that hearing them that day
Has somehow made me better—
"O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie grun sind deine Blatter!"

Confessions of a Grandfather of Speech

By Arthur Hawkes

Author of "Confessions of a Literary Grandfather," "The Idyl of May and December," etc.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*The following came to me among the papers of Hugo Fretelle, a dear friend. It must have been written about eleven days before his death. His family did not know that the coming event had cast its shadow before him.*

ETHEL has just told me my moustache is going grey. I have known it for some time, and once considered the wisdom of defeating Anno Domini with a razor. But it would be vain. My temples also are crossed with silver, and I have no taste for baldness. Besides, what's the use? The days march by apace and stealthily scatter their souvenirs over your head. Now and then they deliver a reminder that pierces to your heart. You tire of transactions with men; of the voices of the street; and long for the cold days, and the snug hearth, and the still communion of books, and falling shadows that become dear companions; for they presage more real, unavoidable things that are shortly to come.

Papers come from places you once knew familiarly. You look down the stories of the living and find strange names that seem to wear a too confident, almost an impertinent look. To find some of the old familiars you have to turn to obituaries, and the printed echoes of the tolling bell. And, sometimes there is news that gives you a quiet thrill of joy, and compensates for sundry tribulations.

* * * * * * *

Last Wednesday a letter and paper came from Joseph Haird, from whom I had not heard for seven years. He said: "I am sending you this week's 'Pilfile Messenger'. It has a report of my speech at the County Farmers' Club dinner, which I hope you will read. Please apply the kind things the paper says about it to yourself, for I owe most of my success as a speaker to your advice, and more to your example. As this is the most handsome printed recognition I have received of efforts that have cost me a good deal of toil, I am sending it to you. Will you not send me something of yours?"

"Bless my soul," said I to myself. "I don't remember telling him how to talk; but let's see what he said to the Farmers' Club."

There was news in the report. The farmers' feast was held this year at Mallingtown, it said, was graced by the presence of Mr. Teeman Thomas, M.P., member for Mid-Kent, and by His Worship the Mayor of Mallingtown, Joseph Haird, Esq. "The speech of the evening," wrote the chronicler, "was made by the Mayor of the town in response to 'The Future of Agriculture'. It was replete with humor, showed an intimate acquaintance with farmers' difficulties; and gave a delightful and instructive forecast of the days when our greatest industry will flourish as of old, and the humblest worker in it will cultivate his own powers as well as the soil. Throughout, the speech of the Mayor was punctuated with laughter and applause, which

marked His Worship as one of the best after-dinner speakers in the country."

Only one of Haird's stories was reflected in the "Messenger". It is singular that newspapers will put into type the warmed-over jokes (and they are pretty cold, even then), from exchanges that obtained them from other exchanges, and will ignore pearls of humor that are always falling around them. Pepson, the most observant traveller I have ever known, dropped in on Friday. I asked him why the newspapers never got hold of any of his best stories.

"Because I tell them to the newspaper boys," he said. "They don't become everybody's property when half a dozen newspaper men have laughed over them till they've bunged their eyes up, and can't see a good thing for their papers."

Haird's story, as given in the "Messenger" was this: A farmer returning home late at night, found a man standing beside the house, with a lighted lantern in his hand.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, savagely, suspecting he had caught a criminal. For answer came a chuckle, and:

"It's only mee, zur."

The farmer recognized John, his shepherd.

"It's you, John, is it? What the devil are you doing here, this time o' night?"

Another chuckle. "I'm a-coortin', zur."

"And who are you courting?"

"Ann, zur, she zed zhe'd 'ave to goo in now, or zhe wood'n be up in time vur jhurnin', zur."

"But what are you doing here, now that she's gone in?"

"I'm a-waitin', zur, till zhe gets up to 'er winder, zur, and I can zee the candle goo out."

"And so you've come courting with a lantern, you fool. Why, I never took a lantern when I courted your mistress."

"No, zur, you didn't, zur," John chuckled. "We can all zee you didn't, zur."

I remember bringing the story to Mallingtown ten years ago from Somersetshire. To judge by the report, Haird had got the soft western "s" to perfection. To the extent of the story, at least, I must be the grandfather of Haird's speech. I suppose we must have talked at some time about speaking at dinners and on public occasions. The truth is that in those days the duty of speaking for "The Press" often fell on me. People used to ask, "How do you manage it?" When ignorance of what "it" meant was professed, they said, "How is it that you always speak so well?" In time I came to know I was envied by some who had been speaking before I was born.

It is five years since I have watched a crowd as it listened to my voice. How I came to neglect a rare gift is a story that is hidden in the old escritoire, and will not be rediscovered while I am here. Perhaps there is something wicked in deliberately neglecting, in the prime of life, an endowment that was surely meant to be used. But Fate caught me unawares. The Dexter candidature threw me down, because, I suppose, Beltring was as honest as I. They said I threw away a promising career because of pique. But they did not know what happened two nights before the election; and I had to bear the silent reproaches of my own people, who were more ambitious for me than they cared to acknowledge even among themselves.

But it was not callousness to what I owe my parents that has made me quench the incommunicable fire. They have long since gone to their reward. I hope that what they missed in me has been more than made up to them. Each succeeding year makes me appreciate more the boundless deep of their worth. For more years than I care to count I used to hear them talk to Almighty God—my father every morning, and my father and mother every evening. This day I revere their unconscious eloquence. At one time I did not know eloquence when I heard it in the most sacred place from which it may spring.

"They came of a time when

Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll.

My father, if circumstances had been

more kind; and if someone had told him in his youth what ambition might do for him, would have been heeded in any assembly. My mother, at eighty-three years of age, had as lively a wit, as finely-textured a mind, as rare a gift of speech, as I have ever known in woman. My father never knew on how broad a foundation he might have builded. My mother never saw the heights to which she could have soared. For me, Gray's lament has become a piece of autobiography.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,
Or woke to ecstasy the living lyre.

But it will not do to allow a melancholy imagination to dwell on what might have been—for them, or for me. Haird's delighted and delightful intimation has come across the ocean, like a sort of angelus. It lifts me out of a cloud of regrets into an air of blessed hope. To Haird and to all Mallingtown, including the people who laughed at jokes that we have all forgotten, and who clinked glasses that have become smithereens, I am already dead. But, being dead, I yet speak. Haird proves it. Only through a false modesty could I say to myself that he doesn't speak truth. For now, at this very moment, I do recall how he came to me, depressed by his inability to think while on his feet; and, as he put it, "a cursed absence of ideas when I *do* think."

Now, I knew, by a faculty of penetration that has puzzled me oftener than it has astonished those who know me, that Haird had enough native power, and a range of ideas on which to found a facility of expression. The heart of my counsel to him was this: "Don't be frightened by the curious hesitation that first comes over you when you see a crowd of people sitting still as pumpkins, looking at you as if they were a lot of hungry children waiting while father carves the joint. They won't hurt you. Just say what you want to say, and let the consequences go hang."

That is not the whole gospel, of course; but to one who has the undiscovered illumination within him, it is enough. Ideas and convictions must beat out their own music. For all these years I have found a wistful pleasure in detecting signs of high capacity where most people discerned only the most respectable average. There will always be more geese than swans. He is on the high road to happiness who sees more swans than he expected to find; and especially if he can see in process a few transformations from commonplace to splendour.

Haird is a revelation of that sort, for which I thank my stars. And while I muse, others come back to my mind—recollections of my more robust days, that I have not considered before. Four present themselves vividly; two in whom readers rejoice; and two for whom the spoken sentence is a talisman of power. More, I know, I shall not see.

* * * * * * *

Four years ago a business man, whose study of literature was believed to be divided between bank bills and bills of lading, confided to me his dread of, and desire for, public service. "Do you know," he said, "I think of what I want to say, put it down on paper, go over it, change it; and before the time comes to say it, the darned stuff seems no good, and I'd give a thousand dollars to be allowed to hold my tongue."

"I suppose," I ventured, "you would give a thousand dollars to know that you could speak well, with a little preparation?"

"Yes, indeed I would."

"Before you throw away so much money," I said, "will you imagine a case? Suppose a bald-headed, bearded man were to come in now, and say, 'Excuse the interruption, but I am from Stratford-on-Avon. My name is William Shakespeare. I've written something I should like to read to you: The quality of mercy is not strained; It——' "

"Yes, yes," smiled my friend. "It droppeth as the gentle rain——"

"Well, you would be delighted to have such a Shakespearean recital. Suppose, after lunch, the gentlem[illegible] from Stratford came ba[illegible]ered and 'Excuse the interru-

from Stratford-on-Avon. My name is William Shakespeare, and I've written something I should like to read to you: The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth——'

"And then, after dinner to-night, if the library door opened, and Mr. Shakespeare came in and said, 'Excuse the interruption, but I am from Stratford-on-Avon. My name is William Shakespeare, and I've written something I should like to read to you: The quality of mercy is not——'

"Wouldn't you feel like straining and smashing the quality of mercy and sending Mr. Shakespeare about his business for a pestilential fellow?"

My friend nodded, smiled and merely said, "And so, ——?"

"And so, if Shakespeare would tire you by frequent repetition, do you expect your ideas to seem fresh to you all the time? Isn't it safe to reflect that what strikes your mind favorably will impress equally well the man who hears it for the first time?"

"Why, Fretelle," said he, "I never thought of it in that way. I'll take your suggestion."

I have watched his reputation grow for four years.

* * * * * * *

The second man in whose speeches I have a grandpaternal interest is a member of Parliament. Until the last election he was a journalist, fighting for the popularity of a magazine that was more to him than children. To write an article powerful as a waterfall was second nature to him. When you talked with him you forgot about the clock and your next engagement. He had been everywhere, had met everybody, and had the public by the ear. In Parliament he will rise fast, and his advent to Cabinet rank is conditioned only by his health, and the life of the Government. He was a veritable coward three years ago, when it came to saying with his tongue before fifty people what he would tell, with a fountain pen, to five hundred thousand.

He did not seek advice. I thrust it on him, having been annoyed by his failure to meet a simple situation. At a luncheon he was enthusiastically toasted, for a service to the organization which gave the entertainment. He responded in four words: "Gentlemen, I thank you."

To my remonstrance he answered, "I never did make a speech. I never shall. The bare idea of doing it appals me. It's a frightful effort to say 'I thank you'. To attempt a speech would kill me. My palsied knees would pound each other to pieces."

To the argument that he owed as much verbal acknowledgment to fifty people who had honored him as he did to a lady who gave him a cup of tea, and ten minutes' harmless gossip, his only answer was, "I can't help it. I'm scared, and that's all there is to say."

Another tack was successful. "You won't try because you are afraid. Give way to that fear, and it will pursue you all your life. You are in the public eye, and should be in the public ear. Face the unfamiliar duty and you will conquer with a hundredth part of the suffering you'll endure if you run away from the open mouth."

Only once since then have I heard this man speak, and he was a laughing success. He has, they tell me, improved out of knowledge, and I have looked through Hansard with a new interest. For some of my grandchildren are there.

* * * * * * *

It is a strange experience, this talking to myself, this nursing an undisclosed possession, as if I were some girl who has just received a pledge of love, and has imposed on herself a condition of secrecy. Ambition never came to my father. It fled from me while I still climbed the hill towards my prime. What it was and how it went, I cannot to-night repeat even to myself. But there is a glow, and almost a glory in knowing that sacrifice and humiliation may put fruitful runners out upon the ground,—even if others gather the fruit. The blaze of the lamp is weakening. I will not raise the wick. It is enough to think, and then ———.

Mallingto[illegible]
setshire. To [illegible]

Dixi, Understudy to Cupid

By Barbara Ballantine

Illustrated by Lillian Clarke

IT WAS Mrs. Holling's afternoon at home, and she sat in stiff expectancy in her pretty drawing room. Before her stood her Venetian walnut tea table, heavily carved, and topped by its own massive tray, which in turn was covered with the usual assortment of tea things. But nothing belonging to Mrs. Peter Holling was ever "usual," for she prided herself on being a connoisseur of the beautiful, and a worshipper at the shrine of the uncommon. So her tea cups were the rarest Satsuma, and her silver the quaintest Old English.

She rose as the maid ushered in a tall portly woman, with an agreeable smile, which was rather a contrast to her pompous and imposing manners.

"Oh, Mrs. Morphy! How glad I am to see you!" said Mrs. Holling, in her quick, excited way. "I haven't seen you for an age; and in a way really, it is odd that you should have come today, for don't you remember, it was just when we were in Sèvres together, choosing my vases that—but you'll have tea, won't you? Two lumps and cream, or lemon? Lemon? I hate it that way myself, but I daresay it's very nice when one has formed the habit, but," drawing her breath, and hurrying on before Mrs. Morphy could speak a word,—"as I was saying, you are a most appropriate visitor. For, you see, it was that day in Sèvres that I got word of Carrol's broken engagement, and"—with emphasis—"this very morning Jessie broke one of those identical vases, *and* I had a letter from Carrol to say that she would spend Christmas with us!"

She had to stop, for her breath was exhausted, and Mrs. Morphy managed to put in a word.

"A coincidence indeed! How glad you must be at the prospect of a visit from your sister! But I wonder how my nephew will take the news? He has never—"

"Oh, I don't suppose they will meet," interrupted Mrs. Holling, blushing nervously, "Dr. Alan is so engrossed in his profession and Carrol from all accounts is fonder than ever of gaiety— And perhaps they have both forgotten. They were so young and engaged such a short time, and I really believe that Carrol is going to marry a New Yorker—a very good match it will be if she does. Carrol is such an attractive girl, don't you know? And she has had many offers, and plenty of time to forget."

"Yes, I daresay she has," said Mrs. Morphy, gathering together her furs and her card case, which had slipped one by one from her ample, satin-covered lap. "And as you suggest, dear Genevieve, everyone has had plenty of time to forget her escapades when she was here before. I'm sure she'll enjoy New York life when she marries. I wonder what she'll think of a Manitoba Christmas?"

"Oh, it will be something quite new and the change will do her good. The children are wildly excited over her coming. She has never seen Dixi, you know."

"Dear little Dixi! Has he done any mischief lately?"

"No, nothing for weeks. We feel quite sure that something awful must be brewing."

Just then other visitors entered and

Mrs. Morphy managed to make her exit.

The newcomers were, of course, duly informed of the expected visit, and all of them but one having known Carrol Lee eight years before, when she had come North and captivated all the masculine youth of Winnipeg, smilingly agreed that her visit would be a most delightful addition to the pleasures of the winter. As Miss Margaret Norris, a rather caustic spinster of uncertain years, said, it was not often that a Southern girl came so far north to spend Christmas, and such a brave venture into a Manitoba winter should be well rewarded, by the gaieties that Miss Lee was noted for loving.

"I'm sure she'll have a good time," said Mrs. Holling, "for she did when she was here before, and she is as full of life as ever."

No one replied to this, and the conversation strayed into other channels; but three of the callers had not forgotten Carrol's momentous visit, though it lay so far in the past. The fourth, however, had been a mere baby eight years before, and was now a very new "bud" indeed. She could scarcely contain her curiosity until she had left the house, when she insistently demanded to hear all about Miss Lee, "for I know there is a story, Aunt Margaret, for you all looked so funny when Mrs. Holling first spoke of her sister. Tell me quickly, for I'm dying to hear."

Miss Norris cleared her throat and replied:

"Well, Muriel, my dear, there *was* a story, and you may as well hear it. This Carrol Lee is a very pretty Southerner, and very gay, too! So different from our girls! About eight years ago she spent a summer with Mrs. Holling, and flirted right and left—disgracefully in my opinion—and managed to have a great deal of attention, and, after a few weeks her engagement to Alan Mackenzie was announced."

"Dr. Alan Mackenzie?"

"Yes. You needn't turn so red, Muriel; I have no patience with your habit of blushing every time that man's name is mentioned. You needn't fly the flag just because you happen to imagine yourself in love with him—calf love!"

Muriel answered nothing, but Mrs. Dennis, one of the quartette, said quietly:

"We were all of us in love with Dr. Alan, Muriel dear, at one time or another, though why I don't know. Your aunt mustn't tease you, for *I* can tell a tale or two," and she laughed at Miss Norris, who disdained to notice the interruption, and sailed on majestically, resuming her tale at the exact point at which she had been interrupted.

"Everyone was surprised, for he had been no more attentive than half a dozen others; however, she led him a pretty dance, and never once stopped flirting, with the consequence that one night when he was paddling down the river with some other men, he heard her letting another man propose to her, and naturally he broke off the engagement."

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Dennis, flatly. "That's not the truth at all! I don't mean to reflect on your veracity, Margaret, but you must have been misinformed. She wasn't as bad as all that, Muriel."

"No, indeed," spoke up the quiet fourth of the party. "She is a nice girl, Muriel, and from what I've always heard, there were two sides to the quarrel. Alan Mackenzie, as everyone knows, was no saint in those days, and I happen to know that he flirted as much as she ever did."

"Well, Ethel Lewis, champion her as much as you please," sneered Miss Norris, "Muriel will soon be able to judge for herself. For I am not afraid to wager that she is coming back to catch the doctor again — Oh, you needn't 'Oh'—you'll see!"

"I'm just crazy to see her!" exclaimed Muriel.

"You'll be crazier still to see her go," was her aunt's caustic reply.

II.

It was just two weeks later that Carrol Lee, at the close of a dreary November day, arrived in Winnipeg. A tempestuous welcome from the family was succeeded by a hurried dinner, and a drive to the theatre.

It was late when the party returned

and Carrol excused herself almost at once on returning to the house, saying to her sister:

"I have to write to Maidie to-night, Genevieve. I promised I would, and you know what letters mean to her."

"Poor Maidie. How is she now?"

"Oh, just the same. The doctors say she will never walk again. Good-night, dear."

"Good-night, Callie."

The letter, at length, was written in this wise:

Dear Maidie,

If you could see me now, perched on the window seat, before a double window, thick with frost ferns, and attired in my padded Japanese dressing gown (for the clock struck twelve a minute ago, and I'm supposed to be retiring), you would marvel at the faithfulness with which I keep my promise.

I got here at five o'clock this afternoon, and would never have known the place—it has changed so. To begin with, it is now a big city, and the snow all over everything, and the cold, sharp air made everything so different from the hot dusty town I left, eight years ago. Genevieve, Peter and the kiddies met me, and drove me home in a sleigh, all complete with buffalo robes and jingle bells.

Genevieve is fussier than ever, and thinner. Peter is bald, and getting fat, and the children are great, big people, oppressively well behaved at present; Dixi, the baby, isn't a baby at all, but a big boy of six, and brimful of mischief. If you believe Genevieve, they are all wonders.

Yes, yes, I'm coming to him, you romantic little goose—and I can scarcely wait for the pen to form the words—for I have seen him already, Maidie, and he is just the same old Alan, apparently. No, I haven't met him yet—just caught a glimpse of him, across the theatre, and I don't think he knew I was there. He was with his aunt and a pretty young girl, who is a stranger to me. I hate to think of her—she may be engaged to him, —even married, for all I know. Genevieve hasn't mentioned his name and neither have I. I dare not think of him too much, for he may be the property of that pretty and terribly young—yes, terribly to me, Maidie, for I am sure I feel and look my twenty-seven years. I feel so miserable, so mean and so cheap, learning to care, after all these years apart, and can feel my face burn every time I let myself remember how badly I treated him, long ago.

But when I suddenly plucked up courage, that day in the attic, to read his old letters, and look at his photograph, which had been hidden away all these years, I knew, at once, that I could never marry Poulson Van Alstyne or anyone else but Alan. And I had to tell you all about it and in the end let you help to persuade my willing self that it was not unmaidenly or unnatural for me to come away up north, to see him again. But I know no proper-minded girl, with any pride, would have done such a thing, and it will serve me right if he is married to that little girl who was with him to-night. Oh, Maidie, why did I ever look at those letters? I wish I had torn them into little bits. As it is, they are close beside me now, in this little desk at which I originally wrote them. I can't write any more. I feel too upset, and rather foolish.

Good-night, you darling, and try to keep as well and jolly as you can till I come home to regale you with tales of sleighs and tobogganing and skating, and all sorts of wonderful northern pleasures. And write often to—

Carrol.

The days slipped by rapidly, Carrol finding herself, as usual, the centre of attraction at all the festivities. Gaiety succeeded gaiety, for Winnipeg's winter season rushes on with great vim; and Carrol, long since grown weary of the usual round of calls, cards and cotillions, found new zest in the new forms old pleasures took. Skating and snow-shoeing and hockey matches were all new and keen delights, and Carrol, queening it as merrily as ever, had only one bitter drop in her cup of happiness. She very rarely met Alan Mackenzie, and when she did, his indifferent formality led her to assume her coldest manner, and nothing ever followed the short exchange of greetings.

Christmas was approaching rapidly, and the Hollings children were deep in the hiding of mysterious packages and the quiet searching under sofas, and in cupboards, for the many mysterious bundles, which they had glimpsed, in the smuggling-in.

Dixi, however, had a birthday, on the twenty-third of December. That morning found him in great excitement, dancing up to his place at the table, and excitedly tearing the wrappers from the parcels piled high above his plate. Carrol came in late to breakfast, and was just in time to see him vanishing from the dining room with his precious load.

"Come here, Dixi, and get six kisses."

He came and bore the kisses with bored heroism. "That all, Auntie? Just kisses?"

"No, you greedy boy, here's a new football for you. Hope you'll like it."

"Thanks very much. I have two already, Auntie, but I'll like yours best, because you're the nicest girl I know." And then he rushed off.

"Carrol," said Genevieve, nervously banging the lid of the silver coffee pot up and down, "Mrs. Morphy 'phoned last night, while you were at the Carnival. She wants you to go to lunch to-day. It's to meet Edith Crosley, you know. She's just in town for a few days, on her way back to England. She's Mrs. Redmond, you know, now. Well—are you going to go?"

"Yes, of course."

"I don't suppose Alan will be there."

"Well," asked Carrol, a trifle sharply, "what does it matter if he is?"

"Nothing. Oh, nothing—I was just thinking——"

"I wish you wouldn't bang that lid, Genevieve. Thanks. What were you saying?"

"Oh, nothing much. Dr. Alan sent Dixi a lovely stamp album for his birthday."

"How silly! Dixi's only six."

"He's fond of stamps, though, and Doctor Mackenzie used to bring him old ones, when he had tonsilitis. Dixi thinks a great deal of the Doctor. What will you wear to the luncheon?"

"Is it formal?"

"Oh, no, pot-luck."

"Then I'll wear my green cloth. It will do if we go shopping, afterwards."

III.

After breakfast Carrol went to her room to write letters, and was soon deep in her weekly budget to Maidie. That finished, she sighed, and drew from one of the pigeon holes a large bundle of time-worn envelopes.

She sat idly toying with the packet, trying to make up her mind to write some necessary Christmas notes.

She finally gave up the effort, and dreamily untied the faded ribbon which bound them together. She chose a letter at random, and drew it from its envelope.

It was a short note, just a few lines, hastily penned by a happy, boyish lover, and the words, once so full of meaning, and now so pathetically empty, hurt her almost more than she could bear.

My Sweetheart,

To-night, you must sail down the river with me in my canoe. Come to the boathouse at five, and I'll be waiting with our tea and the book. We'll enjoy them both, alone together, on the shore, near the Frenchman's, and drift back to town again in the moonlight. Just our two selves, darling Carrol, in my good old canoe.

Alan.

Carrol read it slowly, with an aching heart. She lived the happy evening over again—the cushioned seat he had made for her in the canoe, the supper so happily partaken of, though the wind prevented the fire from burning, and Alan had neglected to bring even one cup; and then the quiet hour with the little green and gold "Idylls of the King," which Alan read aloud, as she listened, loving the music of his voice, more than the rhythm of the poet's song. Then, at last, the silence of the long drifting home in the moonlight, the only sounds the dip of the paddle, with perhaps an occasional tinkle of a cow bell from the river bank, and once, as they swept into the lights of the suburbs, the chiming of the bells of the old French cathedral in the village, across the river. Carrol read letter after letter, utterly lost to all her surroundings. Suddenly, she came back to earth.

Surely she had heard a scream? Yes, she heard it again. It came from the floor below, and jumping up, she ran into the hall, her letters scattered on the floor behind her.

Genevieve had screamed, and was still doing so, as Carrol rushed into the library. Mary, the cook, supported Mrs. Holling in her arms, while Jessie, the Irish housemaid, knelt on the hearthrug, where Donald was sitting, holding a cloth to his head, which was bleeding profusely.

"What on earth's the matter?"

"It's Master Donald, Miss Lee. Sure, he's gone an' broke his head with wan o' thim hockey pucks, they do be callin' them, an'——"

"Ah, cut it out, Jessie, I'm all right," said Donald, weakly. "It's only my nose, Auntie Carrol. Skinny Kava-

nagh hit me with the puck and made it bleed. I wish mother wouldn't scream so loud. I'm all right, only dizzy."

"You know, Carrol, I can't bear the sight of blood. It always makes me hysterical. I——"

"Don's all right, Genie, or will be as soon as he's washed. Come with me, Don, I'll fix you all right. Mary, you might help Mrs. Holling to her room." This, as she saw Genevieve lie back in her chair, close her eyes and gasp.

A little attention made Donald quite himself again, and as Carrol was leaving the bathroom, she heard Genevieve call quite in her natural voice: "If you're coming to that luncheon,Carrol, you'll have to hurry. It's one o'clock now. How's Donald?"

"Oh, he's in his usual form; he has made tracks for the pantry. Are you sure you're able to go?"

"Oh, yes," sighed Mrs. Holling. "I feel quite faint, still, but I'll make the effort, for your sake, Carrol. I hate to have you go about alone. But hurry," she added, more briskly. "It's late. The sleigh is to call at a quarter after one."

Carrol hurried with such purpose that she was just buttoning the last glove button, when Genevieve called her again. "I'm coming," she cried in answer, then glancing at the untidy room, the open desk, and the letters on the floor, she thought to herself that she would put it in order as soon as she returned, and anyway, no one would ever think of entering the room while she was away. So she closed the door tight, and went downstairs.

IV.

Dixi was all alone. Carrol and his mother were still at Mrs. Morphy's luncheon, Don and Dorothy were at school, and the servants seemed too busy with their Christmas preparations to notice him. He had tired of all his new birthday toys and he was growing weary of waiting for Santa Claus. He felt like doing something new and daring, but could not think of anything sufficiently attractive. His last adventure had been a rather jolly one, at first (it had been the turning on of all the water taps in the house), but the end had been sudden and violent, and Dixi still remembered the consequences of his daring deed.

He had been told to stay in the house on account of his cold, so very unhappily he wandered from the nursery, and all through the house. Jessie, her arms full of freshly laundered curtains, passed him in the hall, and as she reached the room where Mary stood waiting for her on the top of the step ladder, she remarked:

"That young Dixi's strollin' 'round like a lost sheep. Somethin' will be doin', Mary. You mark my words."

"It don't concern me none what the young scamp does. I've locked the preserve cupboard *and* the pantry door! Have you got the curting ready? Then pass it up."

Aimlessly Dixi wandered from room to room, and in the course of time, he sauntered into Auntie Carrol's sanctum, his hands in his pockets, his face puckered into a scowl.

Carrol's desk was open. It was strewn with letters. Letters lay on the chair and on the floor. Dixi had never seen so many letters together in all his life. He gazed at them for a moment. Then his frown vanished. He had an inspiration!

In a moment he was on his knees gathering the letters together. He carefully carried them back to the nursery, found his new school bag, and deposited them therein, whistling gaily all the while. Then he went to the cupboard and jumping for the pegs, managed to bring down his coat and tuque, and his mittens which dangled by a cord from his coat sleeves. He put them on hastily, and after a stealthy look into the hall, snatched up the box, and ran downstairs, his eyes dancing with fun.

"I know what I'll do," said Dixi, "I'll play postman!"

Through the wide snow covered streets he trudged, stopping only at the houses of people he knew. Arrived at one of these, he would march to the door, open his bag, take out a letter, slip it beneath the door, ring the bell, and run. This he did, until there remained only one letter in the bag, and looking about him, he realized that he

was far from home and very tired. This was a new street to Dixi, but he met a man, a street cleaner, and stopped him, touching his little cap politely with his mittened hand.

"Do you know where Mr. Holling's office is?" for from the cars which jangled down the street before him, and the shops, Dixi knew himself to be near Portage avenue. No, the man didn't know. Dixi felt very cold and tired and very much alone, but there was one more letter, and he must get rid of that. Then he had another inspiration.

"Isn't this Portage Avenue?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you know where Doctor Mackenzie's office is?" Yes, the man knew that, and moreover took Dixi there, leaving him at the door of the big office building. Dixi climbed the stairs, and found the door with the brass plate, where he slowly spelled out the letters, and smiled a sleepy smile when he discovered 'A-L-A-N' on the plate.

"That's him," and Dixi pushed the last letter under the door, and turned to go. But Dr. Mackenzie's door opened before he had time to reach the stairs, and a voice which sounded strange and yet familiar, hailed him.

Dixi turned, was recognized, and pulled back into the office. Dr. Mackenzie stood over him, angry and big. Dixi suddenly felt helpless. He began to whimper.

"What are you doing here, Dixi Holling, and where did you get that letter?" demanded the Doctor, in a harsh, strained voice. Dixi, now thoroughly tired out and frightened, shivered and whimpered louder. At once the doctor triumphed over the angry man, and Dixi was taken to a chair, his snow-wet garments removed, and his soaking shoes and stockings taken from the little tingling feet. The chair was then wheeled to the register, and poor Dixi began to suffer the agony of returning circulation in his half frozen feet. A hot, sweet drink made him feel better, and at last Dr. Mackenzie thought he was in a fit state to be questioned.

"Where did you get that letter, Dixi?" His tone was stern, and Dixi's fear returned.

"From Auntie Carrol," he said, and pretended to himself that he wasn't fibbing.

"Did she tell you to bring it to me?" asked Dr. Alan, his face grey and set, and his voice "all queer and shaky," as Dixi put it later to Auntie. Dixi saw by the Doctor's strange manner that something was wrong, and his fear returned in full force. He wasn't very brave and his eyes fell. "Yes," he whispered, trying to make his voice natural. Then he burst into tears, and for a few moments nothing would stop him. At last the Doctor realized that the child was cold and chilled, and tired out, and he undressed the little sobbing form, wrapped it in an old coat of his own, covered it warmly, and watched Dixi sob himself to sleep on the big sofa.

Then he telephoned to the Holling house, but could get no answer. "All out," he thought, and decided he would drive Dixi home when he wakened. Then he seated himself in a chair beside the sofa, and took up the letter.

His face whitened, and his hand trembled, as he read it again:

My Sweetheart,

To-night you must sail up the river with me in my canoe. Come to the boat-house at five, and I'll be waiting for you with our tea and the book . . . . . and drift back . . just our two selves. . . .

He read it through, and overcome by the rush of memory—the recollection of Carrol, so young and sweet, in her soft pink dress, and drooping rose-wreathed hat, the reading at the Frenchman's, the drifting in the moonlight, all came back to him in a rush of tender memory, and he buried his head in his hands.

After a while he read the little note again, and stumbling across to his desk, found the envelope. As he folded the letter, to put it back, his eyes caught some words on the back:

"Oh, Alan! Alan, dear, I cannot bear this any longer!"

The ink was fresh and black, the writing was Carrol's.

Alan's face lighted with joy. It *was*

a message then! She *had* sent for him!

Dixi had been telling the truth, after all. He kissed the words passionately with joy. A sleepy sigh from the sofa startled him.

"What are you kissing that letter for, Doctor Alan?"

Dixi was suddenly wide awake, his eyes shining. "Dixi," said Alan, quickly, "what did Auntie Carrol say when she told you to give me this?"

Dixi hung his head and refused to speak.

Persuasion and threats would not make him open his lips, and it was only when Alan took down the receiver of the telephone to ask Auntie Carrol himself that Dixi found his voice.

"Oh, Doctor Alan! *Please* don't tell Auntie. *Don't*, and I'll tell you myself." Alan came back and sat down beside him, putting his arm about the little fellow, and after more pleading managed to draw the truth from Dixi.

"There was nothing to do, and everyone was out, an' I went into Auntie Carrol's room, an' these letters were all on the floor, an' I thought I'd be a postman, so I packed them up, an' found a bag, and I went out and I *did*—that's all. They were just old letters, anyway, and half of them hadn't any stamps on. Not even Canadians.

"Dixi! You did *what?*"

"Played postman—put the letters under doors and rang the bells and ran. Don't look so *awful* angry, Dr. Alan. They were only *old ones*—"

"Dixi, Dixi, *where* did you leave these letters? Tell me at once, every house you went to." Thoroughly alarmed, and in a fever of impatience to see Carrol, and at last have an explanation, he tried to make Dixi tell him how many letters he had had—but Dixi hadn't counted and couldn't or wouldn't remember where he had been, and cursing under his breath, Alan dressed the boy in his clothes, which were dry by this time, and telephoned for his sleigh.

He drove him rapidly home in the darkness. The silent drive came to an end far too soon for the excited little boy, to whom a drive in the dark with his beloved doctor was a new and thrilling experience.

He found Peter Holling in the big hall with Don and Dorothy, and, Mrs. Holling and Carrol still being out, "helping Santa Claus," as Dorothy explained, left the boy in their charge.

There is no need to describe the scene

CARROL READ LETTER AFTER LETTER, LOST TO ALL HER SURROUNDINGS

when Genevieve and Carrol, returning, were told of Dixi's adventure. Carrol turned red, then white and finally red again as the tale progressed.

When Dixi, helped out by questions from his father, had finished and been carried off to bed, Carrol turned to Genevieve:

"How can I ever go to the snowshoe tramp to-night? There is no telling *where* the little fiend took the letters."

"But Carrol, dear, he only did it for mischief—what letters were they, anyway?"

"Alan's old ones to me," answered Carrol, wearily.

"Not *love* letters," almost shrieked Mrs. Holling. "Oh, Carrol, whatever *will* you do?"

"I don't know, I can't think."

"Well," said Genevieve, after a silence, "I think the best thing is for you to just stay quietly in the house till the whole fuss blows over. People are sure to talk."

"They'll talk more still, if I do that. No, I'll just have to brave it out, and I'll begin this very night. I'll go to the tramp, and to the dance afterwards. It's the only thing to do—brave it out."

V.

Of all the party, none was more gay than Carrol Lee. She had tramped the long way from town in sheer bravado, conscious of the stealthy glances and scarcely veiled innuendoes which Margaret Norris, her old arch-enemy, in particular, was making. Carrol's one comfort was that Dr. Alan had not joined the party, his aunt, who was chaperoning, hinting at a sudden call for him from the hospital.

The dressing room upstairs was the scene of the ordeal which Carrol had dreaded all evening. The door had scarcely closed behind the last arrival before Margaret Norris, who was brushing her hair at the dresser, turned and said loudly, so that her voice reached everyone in the room:

"The funniest thing happened this afternoon. The doorbell rang, and when Mary went, there was a letter lying in the vestibule floor—"

An interruption of "How odd!" in a sarcastic tone from someone who had guessed what was coming, made her only more angry and anxious to continue.

"The *odd* part is to come yet. For the letter was an old one, a love letter addressed to someone in this room."

"How did you find out it was a love letter, Aunt Margaret, if it wasn't addressed to you?" asked Muriel, in her her most innocent tone, as she moved close to Carrol, who was preparing for the dance, as if she had not heard a word.

"Caught you nicely, Margaret."

"How could you read another girl's letter?"

"Now will you be good?"

These and other exclamations did not daunt Miss Norris in the least.

"Of course I read it—I suppose it was put under my door, for me to read. Anyway, since you all seem so interested, perhaps you'd like to hear it yourselves?" She drew a letter from her dress, and with a delighted grin at Carrol, began to draw it from the envelope.

"You will please give that letter to me, Miss Norris," said Carrol, quietly walking over to the dressing table and holding out her hand. "The letter belongs to me, as you know, and I think I may as well explain how it came to be on your doorstep.

Margaret held the letter on high, her eyes sparkling maliciously.

"Margaret! For shame! Give Miss Lee her letter at once," angrily exclaimed Mrs. Morphy, who had kept silence until now, never dreaming that Margaret would carry the affair so far. "I have known you for years to be mean and malicious, but I never thought you would do anything so contemptible as this. Carrol, dear, take your letter. Dixi's game of postman mustn't make us all quarrel."

Margaret tossed the letter on to the dressing table, and stalked out of the room. Mrs. Morphy and the others followed hastily, one by one, until Carrol and little Muriel were left alone.

Muriel stood in nervous silence, watching Carrol, who finished her toilet as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"WE SEEM FRIENDLY ENOUGH," OBSERVED CARROL COLDLY

"Miss Lee, I think you're fine," she burst out at last, "and I hope you'll forgive Aunt Margaret. She — well, she's different from other people, living so much alone, you know. I hope you will forgive her?"

Carrol bent and kissed the flower-like face, uplifted so sweetly to hers.

"You are a darling, Miss Muriel," she said, in her Southern drawl. "And Aunt Margaret's doings don't worry me, in the least. Let's go down, if you are ready." So the two descended the stairs, and entered the dining room together.

Supper was in progress, and near the head of the table, watching the door, stood Alan Mackenzie.

He came to meet them, and bowing and smiling, met Carrol as serenely as if they had met as friends from time immemorial. Carrol could not help smiling to herself as she contrasted this actual meeting with those she had dreamed of, and planned, many a time.

"Tomato bouillon, or chicken broth?" he asked her, and she answered "Chicken broth, please." Romantic conversation! and their first for eight years!

The three chattered gaily all through supper, Muriel hiding her aching heart bravely, and really better than the other two. At last it was over, and the room cleared for dancing. Muriel was whisked off in the arms of an admiring youth, and Carrol and Alan stood alone.

He led her across the hall, into a little card room, and closed the door, drawing two big chairs up to the roaring fire, which crackled merrily under the hooded fireplace.

Then he told her of his visit from Dixi, while she listened in silence. He drew the letter from his pocket, and read it aloud, his voice trembling, in spite of his efforts, as he said, "My Sweetheart," and again near the end. Carrol was silent, but a spot of red burned in the centre of each cheek Her eyes she kept fixed upon the fire.

Then he turned the letter over, and handed it to her. She took it gazing in amazement at the message scrawled across the paper. She read it, evidently puzzled, and her face flushed scarlet, but she said nothing.

"Well?" he asked, after a long uncomfortable pause.

She laughed, as coldly as she could.

"Well. I suppose I must have written it, Dr. Mackenzie, since it is in my handwriting, but when, or why, I have no idea." Her tone was icy.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and tried to get the letter again. She put it into the front of her dress, to keep the other company.

Silence again for a few minutes. Then Dr. Alan summoned all his courage:

"Carrol—Miss Lee—" and got no further. Carrol refused to come to the rescue, so he began again:

"Miss Lee—surely after all these years have passed, we can be friends."

"We seem friendly enough, I think," observed Carrol, coldly.

"Yes, but we must do more than seem. Dixi's brilliancy has broken the ice which neither of us—which I, at least, dared not attempt to break."

"Did you wish to?"

"Whether I did or not, Miss Lee, evidently matters little to you, but—"

"Alan," she interrupted, quickly, "if you go on this way, we'll quarrel again. Don't let's explain anything—just be friends."

"Make a new beginning, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Miss Lee, I have just met you, been overcome by your beauty and charm, and beg you to become my wife."

"This is altogether too sudden, Dr. Mackenzie." And Carrol laughed lightheartedly.

"Now, you're natural, and just as sweet as ever. Say 'Yes.'

"Yes I know I'm natural, and I'd love to think I am sweet."

"You know what I mean. Say 'yes'—or 'no'." His voice was very determined, and he came and stood before her, his back to the fire.

"If you do not want me to go on, look at me and say so."

Carrol looked up at him, but couldn't say so, and bending down, he caught her hand, and continued:

"Won't you try again, too, Carrol? Won't you drop eight years from your life, and begin all over, say, from the last day we had tea at the Frenchman's?"

Carrol looked up again. This time she opened her lips to speak, but the look in her eyes told him he need not wait for the words, and laughing exultingly, and as gaily as a boy, he lifted her into his arms.

A little later the handle of the door turned noisily, and they jumped into their chairs, gazing intently into the glowing fire.

The door opened, and Mrs. Morphy stood on the threshold, laughing at them.

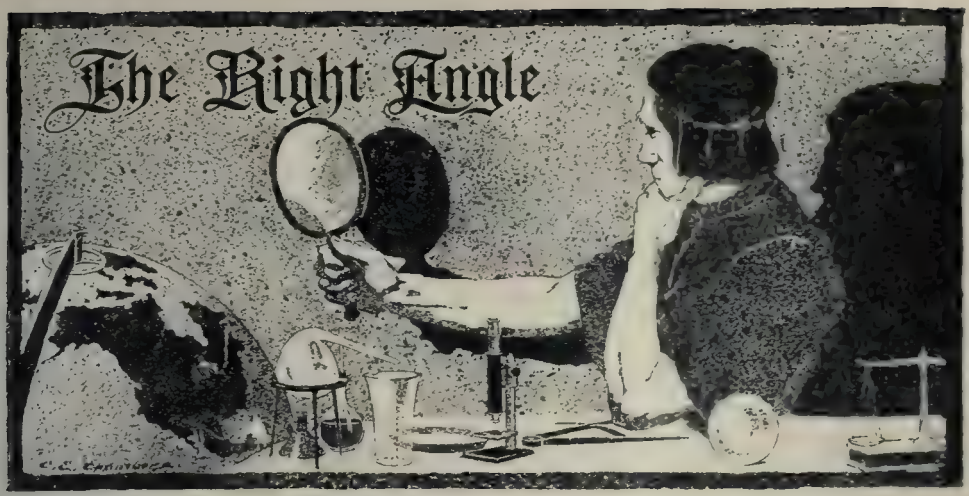
"I can see by the state of your hair, Carrol dear, that you are once more going to call me "Auntie."

"What a Sherlock Holmes you are, Aunt Helen."

"Well, my dear boy, I'm almost as glad as you are—indeed, I never expected to be so delighted again. I hope you are properly grateful, both of you, to Dixi."

"By Jove, yes. "Hurrah for Dixi!"

And Carrol, smiling into the fire, murmured softly, "God bless Dixi!"



THE PLACE OF FLYING SMILES

A CONFUSED light laughter and patter, a tinkle of bells and rush of little feet, a glory of possession and a joyous crying upon Santa Claus—that's the toy-shop in December, where sparkles every wonder that ever was fashioned in the Hartz Mountains, or the Land East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon, or wherever it is that all delightful magics are made.

Up in the elevator you go, through the floors of the big shop, the car stopping to let off grumpy, blind creatures who wander off among hats and shoes and other delusions, quite ignorant of fairyland only eight floors up. The very click of the machinery sounds like a chuckle when the car stops there, and even the well-trained elevator man grins.

How the grown-ups' faces change in the toy-shop ! Nobody is old there. Out of the elevators they come, loose-clad women who have borne their babes and justified their existence beyond any necessity of corseting or cosmetics ; sheepish business-men, with a wriggling little pud held fast in either hand, and a half-ashamed enthusiasm surreptitiously twitching under their mustaches, stray wanderers who must borrow some luckier man's toddler to lead them into fairyland. Sad and lined their faces may be in the elevator, sharp-nosed, tight of lip, with the uncompromising bones of the skull pressing hard against the sallow skin. But once on the toy-shop floor the old wrinkles vanish, dull eyes light, and lips that have repressed sharp words and complainings through long years of patience relax at last into a smile. No one is sad in the toy-shop, no one is old. The average of youth is seven, the average of laughter one hundred per cent.

How could it be otherwise with the children swarming everywhere ? Hopping up and down among the hobby-horses, playing tinkle-tunes on the dolls' pianos, rollicking at full speed down the aisle with a miraculous rolly-wheel that chinks distractingly as it goes, scrambling for a turn in the swings, clambering up ladders to sit down and slide fifteen ecstatic feet of smooth-oiled maple toboggan, landing on the floor with a squeal of rapture and arms and legs flying to the four winds—children everywhere, laughter everywhere, nobody grim or sad or bargaining—of course nobody's old in the toy-shop.

Here was Half-Past-Two, all pink frock and shiny patent-leather belt, her feet none too steady as she scuttled across the floor to flatten her wee nose on the doll show-case, where Dulcinea herself stood in a pale blue creation cascading with lace, and wonderful bronze slippers. Yonder was Half-Past-Two's big sister, matron-wise regarding a delectable dusting-set, all white enamel and baby-blue feather-stitched cheesecloth, while Brother,

who might have been quarter to five, was valiantly blowing a horn, marching hay-foot, straw-foot,

> As gaily dancing off to war
> As dancing a cotillion.

So Half-Past-Two squatted before the doll show-case all alone, hardly as high as my knee, and crooned to herself blissfully, while Going-On-Seven buried his small nose in a book at the next counter, and Grown-Up-Eleven took care of a certain Wee Thing who was really too small to have any age whatever, but sucked a battered pacifier with a regal disregard of germs. I noticed Grown-Up-Eleven casting wistful glances at some of the doll-outfits, but I wouldn't betray her for the world. Eleven is, of course, altogether too old for dolls—and I myself had been admiring a fuzzly camel not five minutes before.

At last I recollected an appointment that must be kept, and dragged myself away towards the stairs, carefully making room for small Valour galloping by on a coal-black steed. At the head of the flight, snugly hidden away behind a pile of red express-wagons, was Half-Past-Two again, with a music-box. If you could have seen her rapt little face as she played Annie Laurie with uncertain variations, you would have balanced between laughter and tears, So must the little new angels in Heaven look when they try their harps for the first time.

Go to the toy-shop once at least before Christmas. It will make you a year younger at least, and a deal happier. For the toy-shop is the place of flying smiles, the house of childhood, the palace of dreams, the first way station on the road to fairyland, where happiness is unadulterated by doubt, delight untinged by envy, and where Santa Claus is patron saint and king.

WHAT IS BEING DONE WITH THE LAND?

CANADA'S biggest asset is 350,000,000 acres of prairie dirt, of which only about 12,000,000 are yet under cultivation. Ministers and policies may come and go, governor-generals return to their ancestral estates and be replaced by new faces at Rideau Hall, railways scatter coveys of Polar bear to the remotest glacial seclusion, but those acres of prairie dirt remain to spring up in emerald with the April rains, to raise wheat and feed men and stand for the backbone of Canada, holding the destiny of the Dominion close-knit among the tough white fibres of the wheat-roots.

To the man who has Canada's interests at heart, therefore, the question "What is being done with the land?" is of paramount importance, vastly transcending the shuffle and change of administrations and the interweft of political issues. To him, crop yields and news of fresh breakings and knowledge of elevator capacities and the number of cars that must be used to haul the yellow grain is more vital than many elections. And for him, Mr. R. E. Young, Chief Geographer of the Dominion, has prepared a "Cereal Map" that shows in condensed, graphic form just what is being done with those 350,000,000 acres of prairie dirt to-day.

On the map is shown the areas under the four leading grains—wheat, oats, barley and flax; the grain yields of the different provinces from the earliest records down to last year; the elevator capacity of each town; the grain production of each country of the world in 1909; and much other information compiled from accurate sources and condensed into the most convenient form for reference.

A map of this sort is well worth study by any Canadian. It is curious to note the distribution of the various grains—the heavy red blotches that mean wheat in Manitoba and along the railway lines through Saskatchewan and Alberta; the big green circles that signify oats up Edmonton way; the yellow that marks the barley-beards; the blue that stands for flax-fields; the long fingers that reach up towards the north, far beyond the railways, where the bush-farms lie and the fields ripen in the eighteen-hour northern sunlight.

Those little circles and dots mean the daily life of thousands of Canadians, their hold on the present, their dream of the future. They mean growth of

the new country and development of the old. They mean the very life of Canada rising out of those 350,000,000 acres of prairie dirt. They are a guide-post to the future of the Dominion in which we all believe and which we all are working to attain. In making this map, Mr. Young has done something really worth while, and we congratulate him.

LITERATURE? SURE!

LITERATURE? Sure! We had it in Senior year—it had a green cover."

Such is the unblushing statement of Modern Youth, as he cheerfully glances up between the pink sheet of a daily paper and somebody's poster advertising an unknown author's latest perpetration as "Better Than 'Three Weeks.'" Modern Youth is serenely unaware of the literature of the past, and as for the literature of the present, like the Irish peace-proclamation, "there ain't any." The business-like men and women who grind out Modern Literature, so-called, for Modern Youth and Modern Woman—they say Modern Man is too busy chasing Modern Dollar to read anything but the markets—know exactly what their publics want, and give it to them in big, weltering, purple gobs. "Lavender and Old Lace' for the modest spinster, "Bella Donna" and "Three Weeks" for the society woman, "Graustark" and "The Scarlet Car" and "Geraldine" of cologne-jag memory for the simple soul of the shop-girl and the stenographer, steadily come from the presses, and the publishers say that "the average life of a novel is six months—if it is successful."

Of course there are exceptions to any such sweeping condemnation—men like William J. Locke, and Arnold Bennett, and William DeMorgan, and other conscientious craftsmen who work for truth rather than royalty statements, and whose labors will live after them; but the majority of bookstore fiction to-day is inexcusably meretricious and false.

Madge Macbeth, whom CANADA MONTHLY readers will remember as the

MADGE MACBETH

author of "The Changeling," recently sent us "Modern Literature: An Imitation," an amusing little skit at the expense of some of these cylinder-roll novelists which is so apt that we print it below:

The stately creature moved with feline grace through the fronded palms; the virgin beauty of the place wherein she walked did but match her spotless purity. Every living thing shrivelled as with pain to gaze upon such mirific chastity and glory.

The boy Phoebus stayed the leaders of his chariot, and a faint breath of the whispers of Calais and his brother Zetis stirred the leaves about the place where the woman stretched herself in sweet abandon at the base of an umbrageous Lord of Shade.

After a while she raised her head and her lustrous eyes met those of a serpent coiled beside her. She sighed, and gazed long into the shining, glittering slits. Then, as wonder deepened into understanding, and understanding into a never-to-be-forgotten knowledge, the serpent smiled and glided noiselessly away. Left alone, the woman

sighed still deeper and tossed restlessly upon the moss where she lay. Hours passed.

* * * * * * * * *

The branches of the lower bushes were swept carelessly aside, the peaceful adytum where defiling foot had never trod was at last invaded by an alien presence.

"What are you?" she breathed.

"A Man!" he answered humbly, kneeling at her feet.

The look of the Sinuous One crept slowly into her eyes; she leaned slightly forward and laid a subtly compelling hand upon his brow.

"You are mine!" she murmured.

Mrs. Macbeth wrote in her accompanying letter, "What does it mean? Search me! But here it is—do what you like with it."

We shall soon have something further to say on the modern school of erotic writers who appeal designedly to the senses. Arthur McFarlane, whose work is known to all Canadians, will have a strong and forceful article on this subject in CANADA MONTHLY this winter—a plain-terms, outspoken article which diagnoses the case of Modern Literature and some of the men who turn it out. Hichens, Wells, Hewlett, all come in for discussion, and although it may shock some of our readers, it is the kind of thing that compels your attention, whether or not you coincide with the author's views.

JOHN, THE UNAFRAID

ONCE in a while, like a spring of fresh water in a salty place, comes a book of wisdom in a sea of print. "John, the Unafraid," wells up out of a ten years' product, with all the interest of a really good story put in with a new statement of the same doctrine of life that the Old Man preached in ages long gone by, and others have touched upon in our own time. Omar and Edwin Arnold together set forth a system of thought and faith that would do very well, could they be welded. The Sermon on the Mount anticipated the best that either had to say, since it gave us all there is to go by, either spiritual or ethical. The writer of "John, the Unafraid," has presented the essence of these teachings in the most unobtrusive way imaginable, as a story merely, without polemics. His John is a very simple man, distinguished especially by static honesty, a lack of bias, and a general indifference to shades of thought or policy. Whoever does the decent thing becomes his friend and helper. Less theology and more religion, fewer services and more service, are the things he wants and practices, in a crisis where the minds of men are brought to a confused standstill by the imminent end of the world. The whole story breathes toleration and human helpfulness, at its best and in the everyday use. This earth has yet a few million years ahead of it, but John's example would serve just as well as though all of us were sharply brought to a realization that salvation must be promptly earned by works rather than through unsupplemented profession.

The book is published anonymously, but it shows the quiet operation of a mind serene and sane, a heart in sympathy with all sorrows, and a catholicity that disregards all but essential things in any phase of belief or line of conduct. It is especially wholesome in its relegation of sin to the domain of disease, and the accordant treatment it offers. In the full sense intended by St. Paul, it can "be understanded of the peoples," and its spirit is the true spirit of Christmas time. Incidentally, it is one of the best sellers of the year—which, considering its nature, is a pleasant thing to say.—McClurg's, Chicago, $1.00.

WHERE THE TRAIL DIVIDES

UNFORTUNATELY, nobody is omniscient, and when one man writes, stages and acts in his play, no matter how versatile he may be, one of the three phases is going to suffer.

As an actor, Robert Edeson is painstaking and faithful, sure to get out of a part all there is in it, and conscientious to a degree. Besides being all this and more in "Where the Trail Divides," he has staged the production well, with the exception possibly of the somewhat over-missioned setting of the third act. But he isn't much of a writer. Desperately long, desperately high-flown and poetic and unwestern are many of the speeches; hitchy the construction; unlikely the point of view of the characters, time and again. A real Western ranchman wouldn't be caught dead with some of Colonel Bill Landor's flights of oratory in his mouth. And as for the noble Redman attitude of How Landor, anyone who knows the Sioux nature at all, will think twice before he accepts Landor's altruistic love for and renunciation of his wife, Bess Landor, to her sneaking cad of a city cousin.

In brief, the story of the play is this: Colonel Landor, of what Mr. Edeson calls Coyote City, has adopted and brought up an Indian boy and a white girl. They love each other and are betrothed with his consent, when her city cousin endeavors to prevent the marriage. This he does not succeed in doing. Later the girl discovers that she does not love her Indian husband, but Clayton Craig, the city cousin, and in true hero spirit Mr. Edeson's Indian gives up his wife to his white rival.

How any girl in her right mind could fall in love with Cousin Clayton, the high gods only know, for he is the most distasteful, interfering, conceited biped imaginable. Why How Landor didn't knock him everlastingly into the sugar-barrel in the first scene is equally incomprehensible, unless possibly for the reason that if he did there would be no more play. And why Bess is foolish enough to marry How when she knows she doesn't love him is—but then, nobody ever expects the ingenue to have any sense, anyway. The most delightfully convincing piece of character in the play is George W. Barnum's rheumatic-rickety, warm-hearted, spunky, humorous old store-keeper, Bob Manning. He rings true equally when he gallantly shows Bess the tintype of himself when he was young and volunteers to stand ready to be groom if How's courage fails him, and when he gives the loafers in his store a piece of his mind as they grow voluble over the drunken cow-boy who is terrorizing Coyote City. Joseph Rawdon's impersonation of the soused terror in question is, by the way, as good a "bad man" as ever waggled a forty-four and tried to navigate around a cracker-box.

It is curious how stage management sometimes manages to give an illusion that all the skill of the author, the art

ROBERT EDESON
As "How Landor" in *Where the Trail Divides*, he presents a type of noble red man not second even to Fenimore Cooper's

of the actor and the labor of months cannot achieve. The pure deep blue of the desert sky showed once through an opened door in the second scene, and to anyone who has known the West and loved it, the true rich color of that oblong bit of limelight blue rang a keen note that was like a homesick stab of pain. Through that rough-painted door the wide prairie was glimpsed, level after short-grassed level, unfenced, free, lying in the still dusk under a wide and darkening sky. Before the eyes of the beholder swept up a vision of saddle and slicker, to his ears came the even loping throb of hoofs on a faint-marked trail, the quick rush of a jack-rabbit scared up from his night's bed, the last faint song of a late meadow-lark, and then the unforgettable silence and peace of the plains.

Maybe the trail divided as Mr. Edeson would have us believe in the play; maybe not. But, to one of the audience at least, through that open door came the very feel of the unfenced country, the smell of horses and leather, the magic of the West, where all trails go down at last to the edge of the unbroken sky.

THE DEEP PURPLE

WHEN those industrious playwrights, Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, named their new Liebler production, the sparker on their imagination must have been missing explosions, for "The Deep Purple" is about as discouraging a label as could have been pasted on a good play. All through the four acts, the audience wonders what the dickens purple, deep or otherwise, has to do with the story, and when at the last Laylock, the Western "bad man with four notches on his cannon," gratefully tells the hero, "You're born in the deep purple!" it is so hopelessly out of character with the man, that it

CATHERINE CALVERT
The big-eyed ingenue of *The Deep Purple*

almost raises a snort from the opera chairs.

Yet, in spite of the depressing title, it is a good play with a well-balanced cast and a deal of real humanity in its lines. "'Frisco Kate," the ex-thief who is trying to be straight in spite of the police "having something on her," is as clever a piece of acting as Ada Dwyer has ever given us. In the parlor of her boarding-house, much against her will, meet "Pop" Clarke, a sanctimonious,

side-whiskered old reprobate, who only plays "safe" swindles, and Harry Leland, a New York crook without a single streak of white to mitigate his yellow. This precious pair are discussing a particularly neat little scheme for separating one William Lake, a young mining engineer, from his roll by means of a romantic little girl whom Leland has persuaded to elope with him, and who will do anything for her supposed lover. She is to decoy Lake to a flat where Leland and Clarke can "do him up," and although "'Frisco Kate" tries to keep the girl out of Leland's clutches, he outwits her, and everything is apparently going well to the undoing of the mining engineer.

But Leland and Clarke in their greed have overreached themselves. Finding out that Laylock has a price on his head, they plan to sell him to the police. Laylock is trying to be respectable, and in a pathetic little conversation with "'Frisco Kate," he tells her his record. "I suppose this sounds funny," he says slowly, turning his hat in his hands, "but I never wanted to be a bad man. I've always wanted to be respectable, to have a home, and kids." "'Frisco Kate" turns away, looking at the wall. "I can say something funnier than that," she answers. "I've always wanted to be respectable, too—to have a home and kids." When she finds out that Clarke and Leland have sold Laylock to the police, she instantly gets to work, selling her house and raising money to get him free, and incidentally warning Lake what he is going up against. Lake drops the time-honored trusty revolver into his dress clothes, and when Leland pops into the flat meets him with a steely glitter of the eye and a quiet "Get your hands up, brother!"

It is too bad that from this on things move so melodramatically. The quiet sureness of the first two acts is sacrificed to an action and "go" that requires revolvers, police, coincidences and heroism to put it over, and that does not convince half as well. Lake saves the little girl from Leland, and arranges to send her home, in the process falling in love with her himself; Leland is killed by Laylock, whom Kate has got free; the inspector, who comes to arrest the murderer, lets Lake's statement that it is a case of suicide pass, with the remark that "It doesn't matter much how his kind are killed, so long as they're dead"; and Lake offers "'Frisco Kate" and Laylock passage with him to Algiers, where he can use Laylock on his next contract. This elicits the "deep purple" remark before mentioned, and everybody goes off stage, leaving the innocent little girl clasping her transportation back home and Lake's hand, and kissing both indiscriminately.

"'Frisco Kate" is the most attractive figure in the play. There is a commonsense and solid honesty about her that, combined with her humor and resource make her a striking personality. Her scene with the hotel detective, who is helping Leland and Clarke to trim a guest of the house is excellent, the cleverness with which she makes him grudgingly get her a taxi and put her in it, "with your hat in your hand," and the swift changes from sarcastic politeness to sober earnest, getting across without a break.

THE GAMBLERS

FOR me, Romance! The golden lie for me!" proclaimed Gelett Burgess, not so long ago, voicing the secret opinion of youth as youth itself seldom dares to do, and casting down the gage to all and sundry. "For me, Romance!"

Most of us who go to the theatre prefer to meet Romance stalking magnificently abroad there, rather than to observe our well-known everyday reality exiting left and right, and saying, "Got that dictation done yet, Miss Johnson?" Things must happen on the stage better than they do in our kitchens and parlors, eyes must be brighter, gowns more gorgeous, life at whiter heat. Kings and queens and heroines and fairies and dancing sirens who warble bewitching arias between remarks about the weather are what we want to see. We want to find beyond the box-office a House of Dreams ready furnished for us, where we may comfortably nestle in padded seats with a box of candy and let the other fellow do the suffering for us without the ex-

JANE COWL
Whose performance of "Catherine Darwin" in *The Gamblers* is a clever bit of character study

asperating waits that are part of the dramas of real life.

Perhaps this desire for Romance is partly why the "business play" has had a somewhat transitory vogue, and is yielding place to other and more attractive forms of tabloid life in the theatre. "The Lion and The Mouse,"

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT AS JEANNE D'ARC

It is hard to believe that this slight young figure celebrated her 67th birthday last October. After her long tour of the Southern States, Mme. Bernhardt may play a brief engagement in either Vancouver or Winnipeg.

"The Fourth Estate," "The Third Degree," have all had their successes, but among the plays this year Charles Klein's "The Gamblers" is almost the only "strictly business" production. It is a story of the men who play the market, who go on and on, thinking they can "put it back," until one misstep has led to another, one lie to another to cover the first, and finally the bemused victim, looking into the eyes of the law and the bars of the penitentiary, finds no comfort in the view. It is a man's play throughout, and in some scenes is convincing, especially where George Nash, as Wilbur Emerson, wrings the truth out of his traitor associate; but as a whole, whether for its own sake, or owing to the fading vogue of the "business play," it fails to arouse any real interest.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

"CLAUDE! Huh! Isn't Claude a fine name for a butcher?"

"Dodge her—never! Why, she'd know my hide in a tannery!"

"Talk about taking a chance! Why, you wouldn't steal a handful of grass from a park without some kind of protection."

"Broke? Why, I could write my will on the back of a postage stamp, and then have room to add a codicil."

"Yes, I've sold my boarding-house, but it didn't make much difference. According to the bills, I was only running it for the gas company, anyway."

ENCORE

THERE'S no denying that the practice of "curtain calls" is a sad disillusionizer. Anyone who has seen a powerful play vividly acted, and found himself tensely clutching the arms of his orchestra chair when the curtain went down, has been rudely jolted when the star reappeared, bowing and smiling dazzlingly, not a bit flustered by her recent agonies.

W. D. Nesbit has written a bit of verse called "Dramatic Incidents," which ought to be deathless, so exactly does it hit this nail on the head :

I've seen dramatic incidents
In shows that cost me thirty cents
And shows that cost one-and-a-half ;
Some made me weep, some made me laugh.
I've seen the villain slammed in jail
Without a friend to go his bail,
And when the act was done, somehow,
Come out of jail and make his bow !

I've seen the pale young heroine
Who had escaped the lures of sin
And saved her poor old father's hide
While all were watching, tearful-eyed—
I've seen her leap from a high cliff
And heard the bass drum go ker-biff !
Then up the curtain came, and she
Bowed calmly there for all to see.

I've seen the hero say farewell,
And stop a moment just to tell
How far away he meant to go
To win some wealth and fame, you know.
I've seen him leave the old home place,
While tears were running down each face—
And in a minute he returned
To "take the call" for which he yearned.

But, best of all, I saw last week
The incident of which I'll speak.
Poor Shakespeare's work was being done—
The curtain quickly down was run ;
Then up, and to the cheering crowd
J. Caesar's corpse got up and bowed,
And then lay down and died some more—
And then got up for an encore !

It is a pity that more player folk do not adopt Ellen Terry's method. Anyone who has seen that unfailingly *right* actress come on the stage in response to a curtain-call, and, instead of the conventional honeyed graciousness, pick up a hat left behind, take a stitch or two in a glove, or perform some other small act entirely in keeping with the character in whom the real Ellen Terry was for the time submerged, will remember the thrill of grateful pleasure he felt that she had preserved the illusion of the play with the unerring instinct of the artist to whom good work is far more than personal applause.

NO COMPARISON

THE people that I've smiled with,
Wild animals I've fought,
Cigars that I have smoked at,
The fish that I have caught—

The kings that I've hobnobbed with,
And the rest, you bet,
Are absolutely nothing to
The shirt-waists I have met !

DESERVED REBUKE

THE young man across the aisle from the beauteous young woman continues to wink slyly at her. She draws herself up haughtily and says:

"Sir! You are like all the men—"

"I beg your pardon," he interrupts. "I have an affection of the optic muscles which causes my eyelid to quaver peculiarly. I trust it has not annoyed you."

"As I was about to say," she continues, "you are like all the men—one never knows when you are in earnest."

DISAPPOINTED

THE newly arrived angel had been fitted with his wings, but after a few flights he sat in a corner and moped.

Every effort to cheer him up and induce him to be glad with the rest of the angels was a failure.

"What's wrong with that newcomer ? He doesn't seem to like to fly," says one of the old inhabitants.

"He complains that we don't know the first thing about flying," explains the other. "He says he was an aviator on earth."

THOSE CALENDARS

THEY ain't got to making calendars yet with the rainy days marked on them. A'most any one of them innocent looking Mondays or Tuesdays or Wednesdays is liable to be it when you get up to it."

QUITE SIMPLE

A NEW YORK poet, at the Authors' Club in Seventh Avenue, told a Conan Doyle story.

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," he said, "sat at a dinner, on his last visit here, beside a lady who asked leave to consult him about some thefts.

" 'My detective powers,' he replied, 'are at your service, madam.'

" 'Well,' said the lady, 'frequent and mysterious thefts have been occurring at my house for a long time. Thus there disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary and a half dozen tin pie plates.'

" 'Aha,' said the creator of Sherlock Holmes, 'the case, madam, is quite clear. You keep a goat.' "

OFFENDED HER

"AH" sighed the enraptured swain, holding her lily white hand and looking up at the refulgent orb of night, "see yonder moon ! And think how often it has looked down upon a scene like this and listened to soft words such as these."

"Sir ! " she exclaimed, jerking her hand away, "I want you to understand that I was not in earnest with all the others."